

SPIRIT

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THE COOK'S ORACLE.

[The Editors are induced to insert the following article from a perfect conviction that they cannot give to their readers any subject more pertinent, more useful, or more entertaining. Every house-keeper particularly must be gratified by economical observation, and advice, and Dr. Kitchiner seems qualified to give them to the life; for his Cook's Oracle has received the Diploma in England as a superior treatise on the Culinary Art, and four Editions within little more than two years tell louder, than any recommendation, of its intrinsic value. We believe, farther, that this is the first book on Cookery that has ever found notice or remark in the circle of the Sciences; and the Encyclopædia Britannica in the Supplement cannot omit recommending it as a first rate work of the kind, and as one that ought to be in the possession of all families. The Book is now published in Boston, by the printers of the Atheneum, and they are confident that all who will read the author's remarks that follow, must possess a work which "comes home to all men's businesses and bosoms."—*Editors.*]

AMONG the multitude of causes which concur to impair Health, and produce Disease, the most general is the improper quality of our Food, this, most frequently, arises from the injudicious manner in which it is prepared;—yet, strange, "passing strange," this is the only one, for which a remedy has not been sought;—and few persons bestow half so much attention on the preservation of their own Health,—as they daily devote to that of their Dogs and Horses.

The observations of the Guardians of Health respecting Regimen, &c. have formed no more than a Catalogue of those articles of Food, which they have considered most proper for particular Constitutions.

Some Medical writers, have "in good set terms" warned us against the pernicious effects of improper Diet; but not One has been so kind, as to take the trouble to direct us how to prepare food properly.

The Editor has endeavoured to write his Receipts so plainly, that they may

be as easily understood in the Kitchen as He trusts they will be relished in the Dining Room—and has been more ambitious to present to the Public, a Work which will contribute to the daily Comfort of All—than to seem elaborately Scientific.

The practical part of the philosophy of the Kitchen, is certainly not the most agreeable;—Gastrology has its full share of those great impediments to all great improvements in scientific pursuits,—the prejudices of the Ignorant,—and the misrepresentations of the Envious.

The Sagacity to comprehend and estimate the importance of untempered improvement—is confined to the very few, on whom Nature has bestowed a sufficient degree of perfection of the Sense which is to measure it;—the candour to make a fair report of it is still more uncommon,—and the kindness to encourage it cannot often be expected from those, whose most vital interest it is to prevent the development of that by which their own im-

portance—perhaps their only means of Existence—may be for ever eclipsed—so as POPE says—

“All fear,—None aid you,—and Few understand.”

Improvements in Agriculture and the Breed of Cattle have been encouraged by Premiums. Those who have obtained them, have been hailed as benefactors to Society;—but *the Art of making use of these means of ameliorating Life, and supporting a healthy Existence—COOKERY,—has been neglected.*

While the cultivators of the raw materials are distinguished and rewarded,—the attempt to improve the processes, without which, neither Vegetable nor Animal substances are fit for the food of Man (astonishing to say), has been ridiculed,—as unworthy the attention of a rational Being!!!

This most useful Art,—which the Editor has chosen to endeavour to illustrate, because nobody else has—and because he knew not how he could employ some leisure hours more beneficially for Mankind,—than to teach them to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and to increase their pleasures, without impairing their Health or impoverishing their Fortune—has been for many Years his favourite employment, and “THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE, BY DIET AND REGIMEN,” &c. and this Work,—have insensibly become repositories, for whatever Observations he has made, which he thought would make us—Live happier or Live longer.

The Editor has considered the ART of COOKERY, not merely as a mechanical operation, fit only for working Cooks—but as *the Analeptic part of the Art of Physic.*

‘How best the fickle fabric to support
‘Of mortal man,—in healthful body how
‘A healthful mind, the longest to maintain,’

is an Occupation—neither unbecoming nor unworthy Philosophers of the highest class:—such only can comprehend its Importance,—which amounts to no less, than not only the enjoyment of the present moment, but the more precious advantage, of improving and

preserving HEALTH, and prolonging LIFE—which depend on duly replenishing the daily waste of the human frame with materials which are pregnant with Nutriment, and easy of Digestion.

If *Medicine* be ranked among those Arts which dignify their Professors—*Cookery* may lay claim to an equal, if not a superior distinction;—to *prevent* Diseases, is surely a more advantageous Art to Mankind, than to *cure* them. “Physicians should be good Cooks, at least in Theory.”—Dr. MANDEVILLE on *Hypochondriasis*.

The learned Dr. ARBUTHNOT observes in the preface to his *Essay on Aliment*, that “the choice and measure of the materials of which our Body is composed, and what we take daily by Pounds, is at least of as much importance, as what we take seldom, and only by grains and spoonsful.”

Those in whom the Organ of Taste is obtuse,—or who have been brought up in the happy habit of being content with humble fare,—whose Health is so firm, that it needs no artificial adjustment; who, with the appetite of a Cormorant, have the digestion of an Ostrich,—and eagerly devour whatever is set before them, without asking any questions about what it is, and how it has been prepared—may perhaps imagine that the Editor has sometimes been rather overmuch refining the business of the Kitchen.

“Where Ignorance is bliss,—’tis Folly to be wise.”

But, few are so fortunate, as to be trained up to understand how well it is worth their while to cultivate such habits of Spartan forbearance,—we cannot perform our duty in registering wholesome precepts, in a higher degree than by disarming Luxury of its sting—and making the refinements of Modern Cookery minister not merely to sensual gratification, but at the same time support the substantial excitement of “mens sana in corpore sano.”

The Delicate and the Nervous, who have unfortunately a sensitive palate, and have been accustomed to a luxurious variety of savoury Sauces, and highly seasoned Viands—Those who

from the infirmity of Age, are become incapable of correcting habits, created by absurd indulgence in Youth, are entitled to some consideration—and for their sake, the Elements of Opsology are explained in the most intelligible manner.

By reducing Culinary operations to something like a certainty, an Invalid will be less indebted to chance, or the caprice of careless attendants, &c. whether he shall recover—and Live long, and comfortably, or speedily Die of Starvation in the midst of Plenty.

These Rules and orders for the regulation of the business of the Kitchen have been extremely beneficial to the Editor's own Health and Comfort. He hopes they will be equally so to others,—they will help those who enjoy Health, to preserve it—teach those who have delicate and irritable Stomachs, how to keep them in good temper—and with a little discretion enable them to indulge occasionally, not only with impunity, but with advantage, in all those alimentary pleasures which a rational Epicure can desire.

There is no question more frequently asked—or which a Medical man finds more difficulty in answering to the satisfaction of Himself and his Patient than—*What do you wish me to eat?*

The most judicious choice of Aliment will avail nothing, unless the Culinary preparation of it be equally judicious.—How often is the skill of a pains-taking Physician counteracted by want of corresponding attention to the preparation of Food—and the poor Patient, instead of deriving Nourishment—is distressed by Indigestion.

PARMENTIER, in his *Code Pharmaceutique*, has given a chapter on the preparation of Food—some of the following Receipts are offered as an humble attempt to form a sort of APPENDIX TO THE PHARMACOPŒIA—like pharmaceutic prescriptions they are precisely adjusted by weight and measure,—and in future, by ordering such Receipts of the COOK'S ORACLE as appear adapted to the case—the recovery of the Patient, and the credit of the Physician, as far as relates to the administration of Aliment,—need

no longer depend on the discretion of the Cook.—For instance: *Mutton Broth, Toast and Water, Water Gruel, Beef Tea, and PORTABLE SOUP.* This concentrated *Essence of Meat*—will be found a great acquisition to the comfort of the Army—the Navy—the Traveller—and the Invalid—by dissolving half an Ounce of it in half a pint of hot water, you have in a few minutes, *half a Pint of good Broth for three halfpence.*

He has also circumstantially detailed the easiest, least expensive, and most salubrious methods of preparing those highly finished Soups—Sauces—Ragouts—and *piquante* relishes, which the most ingenious “Officers of the Mouth,” have invented for the amusement of thorough bred “*Grands Gourmands.*”

It has been his aim, to render Food acceptable to the Palate,—without being expensive to the Purse, or offensive to the Stomach—nourishing without being inflammatory, and savoury without being surfeiting,—constantly endeavouring to hold the balance even between the agreeable and the wholesome—the Epicure and the Economist.

In this Edition, which is almost entirely re-written,—He has not printed one Receipt—that has not been proved in His own Kitchen—which has not been approved by several of the most accomplished Cooks in this Kingdom—and has moreover, been eaten with unanimous applause by a Committee of Taste, composed of some of the most illustrious Gastronomists of this luxurious Metropolis.

The Editor has been materially assisted by MR. HENRY OSBORNE, the excellent Cook to the late SIR JOSEPH BANKS :—that worthy President of the Royal Society was so sensible of the importance of the subject the Editor was investigating—that he sent his Cook to assist him in his arduous task—and many of the Receipts in this Edition, are much improved by his suggestions and corrections.

This is the only English Cookery Book which has been written from the Real Experiments of a HOUSEKEEPER, for the benefit of HOUSEKEEPERS,—which the reader will soon perceive,

by the minute attention that has been employed to elucidate and improve the **ART OF PLAIN COOKERY**,—detailing many particulars and precautions, which may at first appear frivolous—but which experience will prove to be essential—to teach a common Cook how to provide, and to prepare common Food—so frugally, and so perfectly, that *the plain Family Fare of the most ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPER* may, with scarcely any additional trouble—be a *satisfactory Entertainment for an EPICURE or an INVALID*.

By an attentive consideration of “**THE RUDIMENTS OF COOKERY**,” and the respective Receipts—the most *ignorant Novice* in the business of the Kitchen—may work with the utmost facility and certainty of success,—and soon become a **GOOD COOK**.

Will all the other Books of Cookery that ever were printed do this?—The Editor has patiently pioneered through upwards of **TWO HUNDRED COOKERY BOOKS**, before he set about recording these results of his own Experiments!

STORE SAUCES and many articles of Domestic Comfort, which are extravagantly expensive to purchase, and can very seldom be procured genuine—He has given plain directions how to prepare at Home—of infinitely finer flavour, and considerably cheaper than they can be obtained ready-made.

The Receipts are not a mere marrowless collection of shreds, and patches, and cuttings, and pastings;—but a *bona fide* register of Practical Facts,—accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated, by the igniferous terrors of a Roasting Fire in the Dog-days,—in defiance of the odoriferous and califacient repellents, of *Roasting*,—*Boiling*,—*Frying*,—and *Broiling*:—moreover, the author has submitted to a labour no preceding Cookery-Bookmaker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter—having *eaten* each Receipt, before he set it down in his book.

They have all been heartily welcomed by a sufficiently well educated Palate, and a rather fastidious Stomach;—perhaps this certificate of the reception of the respective preparations—will partly apologize for the Book con-

taining a smaller number of them, than preceding writers on this gratifying subject, have transcribed,—for the amusement of “every man’s Master,” the **STOMACH**.

Numerous as are the Receipts in former Books, they vary little from each other, except in the name given to them; the processes of Cookery are very few,—I have endeavoured to describe each, in so plain and circumstantial a manner, as I hope will be easily understood, even by the Amateur, who is unacquainted with the practical part of Culinary concerns.

OLD HOUSEKEEPERS may think I have been tediously minute on many points, which may appear trifling;—my Predecessors seem to have considered the **RUDIMENTS OF COOKERY** quite unworthy of attention. These little delicate distinctions, constitute all the difference between a common and an elegant Table, and are not trifles to the **YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER**, who must learn them either from the communication of others,—or blunder on till his own slowly-accumulating and dear-bought experience teaches him.

A wish to save Time, Trouble, and Money, to inexperienced Housekeepers and Cooks,—and to bring the enjoyments and indulgences of the Opulent within reach of the middle Ranks of Society,—were my motives for publishing this book;—I could accomplish it, only by supposing the Reader, (when he first opens it,) to be as ignorant of Cookery,—as I was when I first thought of writing on the subject.

I have done my best to contribute to the comfort of my fellow creatures:—by a careful attention to the directions herein given, the most ignorant may easily learn to prepare Food—not only in an agreeable and wholesome,—but in an elegant and economical manner.

This task, seems to have been left for me, and I have endeavoured to collect and communicate in the clearest and most intelligible manner, the whole of the heretofore abstruse Mysteries of the Culinary Art; which are herein, I hope, so plainly developed, that *the most inexperienced student in the occult Art of Cookery, may work from my Receipts, with the utmost facility.*

I am perfectly aware of the extreme difficulty, of teaching those who are entirely unacquainted with the subject, and of explaining my ideas effectually by mere Receipts, to those who never shook hands with a Stewpan.

Our neighbours in France, are so justly famous for their skill in the affairs of the Kitchen, that the adage says, "*as many Frenchmen, as many Cooks.*" Surrounded as they are by a profusion of the most delicious Wines, and seducing *Liquors*, offering every temptation to render drunkenness delightful, yet a tippling Frenchman is a "*rara avis.*"

They know how so easily to keep Life in sufficient repair by good eating, that they require little or no screwing up with liquid Stimuli.—This accounts for that "*toujours gai,*" and happy equilibrium of the animal spirits, which they enjoy with more regularity than any people:—their elastic Stomachs unimpaired by Spirituous Liquors, digest vigorously, the food they sagaciously prepare and render easily assimilable, by cooking it sufficiently,—wisely contriving to get half the work of the Stomach done by Fire and Water, till—

"The tender morsels on the palate melt,
"And all the force of Cookery is felt."

The cardinal virtues of Cookery, "*CLEANLINESS, FRUGALITY, NOURISHMENT, AND PALATEABLENESS,*" preside over each preparation; for I have not presumed to insert a single composition, without previously obtaining the "*imprimatur*" of an enlightened and indefatigable "*COMMITTEE OF*

TASTE," (composed of thorough-bred *GRANDS GOURMANDS* of the first magnitude,) whose cordial co-operation I cannot too highly praise; and here do I most gratefully record the unremitting zeal they manifested during their arduous progress of proving the respective Recipes,—they were so truly philosophically and disinterestedly regardless of the wear and tear of teeth and stomach, that their Labour appeared a Pleasure to them.—Their laudable perseverance,—which has enabled me to give the inexperienced Amateur an unerring and economical Guide, how to excite as much pleasure as possible on the Palate, and occasion as little trouble as possible to the Principal Viscera,—has hardly been exceeded by those determined spirits who lately in the Polar expedition braved the other extreme of temperature, &c. in spite of Whales, Bears, Icebergs, and Starvation.

Every attention has been paid in directing the proportions of the Compositions, not merely to make them inviting to the Appetite, but agreeable and useful to the Stomach;—nourishing without being inflammatory, and savoury without being surfeiting.

I have written principally for those who make Nourishment the chief end of Eating*, and do not desire to provoke Appetite, beyond the powers and necessities of Nature;—proceeding however on the purest Epicurean principles of indulging the Palate, as far as it can be done without injury or offence to the Stomach—and forbidding nothing, but what is absolutely unfriendly to Health.†

* I wish most heartily that the restorative process was performed by us poor mortals, in as easy and simple a manner, as it is in "*the Cooking Animals in the Moon,*" who "lose no time at their meals; but open their left side, and place the whole quantity at once in their stomachs, then shut it, till the same day in the next month, for they never indulge themselves with food more than twelve times in a year." See *BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S Travels.*

Pleasing the Palate is the main end in most books of Cookery, but *is it my aim to blend the toothsome with the wholesome*; for, after all, however the hale Gourmand may at first differ from me in opinion, the latter is the chief concern; since if he be even so entirely devoted to the pleasure of eating, as to think of no other, still the care of his Health becomes part of that; if he is Sick, he cannot relish his Food.

† "Although air is more immediately necessary to life than food, the knowledge of the latter seems of more importance; it admits certainly of great variety, and a choice is more frequently in our power. A very spare and simple diet has commonly been recommended as most conducive to Health;—but it would be more beneficial to mankind if we could show them that a pleasant and varied diet, was equally consistent with health;

This is by no means so difficult a task, as some gloomy philosophers (uninitiated in culinary science) have tried to make the world believe—who seem to have delighted in persuading you, that every thing that is nice must be noxious; and that every thing that is nasty, is wholesome.

But as worthy Will Shakspeare declared he never found a philosopher who could endure the Tooth-ach patiently,—the Editor protests that he has not yet overtaken one, who did not love a Feast.

Those *Cynical Slaves*,—who are so silly,—as to suppose it unbecoming a wise man, to indulge in the common comforts of Life—should be answered in the words of the French philosopher, “Hey—What—do you Philosophers eat dainties?” said a gay Marquess. “*Do you think,*” replied DESCARTES, “*that God made good things only for Fools?*”

Every individual, who is not perfectly imbecile and void of understanding, is an *Epicure* in his own way—the *Epicures* in boiling of Potatoes are innumerable—the perfecting of all enjoyment depends on the perfection of the faculties of the Mind and Body—the *Temperate man*, is the greatest *Epicure*,—and the only true *Voluptuary*.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE, have been highly appreciated, and carefully cultivated in all Countries—and in all Ages,—and in spite of all the Stoics,—every one will allow they are the first and the last we enjoy,—and those we taste the oftenest,—above a *Thousand times in a Year, every Year in our Lives!!!*

THE STOMACH, is the mainspring of our System,—if it be not sufficiently wound up to warm the Heart, and support the Circulation,—the whole business of Life, will in proportion be ineffectively performed,—we can neither *Think* with precision,—*Sleep* with tranquillity,—*Walk* with vigour,—or *sit down* with comfort.

There would be no difficulty in proving, that it influences (much more than people in general imagine) all our actions:—the destiny of Nations has often depended upon the more or less laborious digestion of a Prime Minister—see a *very curious Anecdote* in the Memoirs of COUNT ZINZENDORF in Dodsley's Annual Register for 1762.

The philosopher *Pythagoras*, seems to have been extremely nice in eating,—among his absolute injunctions to his disciples, he commands them, to “abstain from Beans.”

This ancient Sage, has been imitated by the learned who have discoursed on this subject since—who are liberal of their negative—and niggardly of their positive precepts—in the ratio, that it is easier to tell you not to do this, than to teach you how to do that.

Our great English moralist Dr. S. JOHNSON, his biographer Boswell tells us, “was a man of very nice discernment in the science of Cookery,” and talked of good eating, with uncommon satisfaction. “Some people,” said he, “have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind what they eat: for my part, I mind my Belly very studiously and very carefully, and I look upon it, that he who does not mind his Belly, will hardly mind any thing else.”

as the very strict regimen of Arnard, or the Miller of Essex. These and other abstemious people, who, having experienced the greatest extremities of bad health, were driven to temperance as their last resource, may run out in praises of a simple diet; but the probability is, that nothing but the dread of former sufferings could have given them the resolution to persevere in so strict a course of abstinence; which, persons who are in health, and have no such apprehension, could not be induced to undertake, or, if they did, would not long continue.

“In all cases, great allowance must be made for the weakness of human nature; the desires and appetites of mankind, must to a certain degree be gratified, and the man who wishes to be most useful, will imitate the indulgent Parent, who whilst he endeavours to promote the true interests of his children, allows them the full enjoyment of all those innocent pleasures which they take delight in. If it could be pointed out to mankind, that some articles used as food were hurtful, while others were in their nature innocent, and that the latter were numerous, various, and pleasant, they might, perhaps, be induced to forego those which were hurtful, and confine themselves to those which were innocent.”
—See Dr. STARK's *Experiments on Diet*.

The Dr. might have said, *cannot* mind any thing else—the *energy* of our BRAINS is *sadly dependent on the behaviour of our BOWELS**—those who say 'Tis no matter what we eat or what we drink,—may as well say, 'Tis no matter whether we eat, or whether we drink.

The following Anecdote I copy from BOSWELL'S *Life of JOHNSON*.

Johnson.—I could write a better Book of Cookery than has ever yet been written ;—it should be a book on philosophical principles.—I would tell what is the best Butcher's Meat—the proper season of different Vegetables—and then, how to roast, and boil, and to compound.

Dilly.—*Mrs. Glasse's Cookery*, which is the best, was written by Dr. HILL.

Johnson.—Well, Sir—this shows how much better the subject of Cookery may be treated by a Philosopher ;—but you shall see what a book of Cookery I shall make, and shall agree with Mr. Dilly for the Copyright.

Miss Seward.—That would be Hercules with the distaff indeed !—

Johnson.—No, Madam ; Women can spin very well,—but they cannot make a good Book of Cookery.

Mr. B. adds, I never knew a man who relished good eating more than he did : when at Table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment : nor would he, unless in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his Appetite.

The peculiarities of his constitution were as great as those of his character ;

Luxury and Intemperance are relative terms—depending on other circumstances than mere quantity and quality. Nature gave him an excellent Palate, and a craving Appetite,—and his intense application rendered large supplies of nourishment absolutely necessary to recruit his exhausted spirits.

The fact is,—this Great Man had found out, that *Animal and Intellectual Vigour*† are much more entirely dependent upon each other,—than is commonly understood ;—especially, in those constitutions, whose digestive and chylopoetic organs are capricious and easily put out of tune, or absorb the "*pabulum vitæ*" indolently and imperfectly,—with such, it is only now and then, that the "*sensorium commune*" vibrates with the full tone of accurately considerative, or creative energy.

Thus does the HEALTH always,—and very often the LIFE of Invalids, and those who have weak and infirm STOMACHS, depend upon the care and skill of the COOK.—Our Forefathers were so sensible of this,—that in days of Yore,—no man of consequence thought of making a day's journey without taking his "*MAGISTER COQUORUM*" with him.

A good Dinner is one of the greatest enjoyments of human life ;—and as the practice of Cookery is attended with so many discouraging difficulties, so many disgusting and disagreeable circumstances, and even dangers, we ought to have some regard for those who encounter them, to procure us pleasure, and to reward their attention, by rendering their situation every way

* "He that would have a *clear head*, must have a *clean Stomach*." Dr. CHEYNE on Health.

"We cannot reasonably expect tranquillity of the Nervous System, whilst there is disorder of the digestive organs. As we can perceive no permanent source of strength, but from the digestion of our food, it becomes important on this account, that we should attend to its quantity, quality, and the periods of taking it, with a view to ensure its proper digestion."—ABERNETHY'S *Sur. Obs.*

† "If science can really contribute to the happiness of mankind, it must be in this department ; the real comfort of the majority of men in this country is sought for at their own fire-side ; how desirable does it then become to give every inducement to be at home, by directing all the means of Philosophy to increase Domestic Happiness."

"Health, Beauty, Strength and Spirits, and I might add all the faculties of the Mind, depend upon the Organs of the Body ; when these are in good order, the thinking part is most alert and active, the contrary when they are disturbed or diseased."—Dr. CADOGAN on Nursing Children.

as comfortable and agreeable as we can.*

If we take a review of the Qualifications that are indispensable in that highly estimable domestic, a complete Good Cook, we shall find that very few deserve that name.

"God sends Meat"—who sends Cooks?† the proverb has long saved us the trouble of guessing.

Of what value then is not this Book?—which will render every person of common sense—a good Cook, in as little time as they can read it through attentively.

If the Masters and Mistresses of Families will sometimes condescend to make an amusement of this Art, they will escape a number of disappointments, &c. which those who will not, must suffer, to the detriment of both their Health and their Fortune.

The author wishes he had more time to devote to the subject. For an ingenious Chemist, and an intelligent Cook, might form a very complete work.

I did not presume to offer any observations of my own, till I had read all that I could find written on the subject, and submitted (with no small pains) to a patient and attentive consideration of every preceding work, relating to culinary concerns, that I could meet with.

These Books vary very little from each other, except in the preface—"ab uno, disce omnes," cutting and pasting seem to have been much oftener employed than the Pen and Ink :

any one who has occasion to refer to two or three of them, will find the Receipts almost always "*verbatim et literatim*;" equally unintelligible to those who are ignorant,—and useless to those who are acquainted with the business of the Kitchen.

My Receipts are the results of experiments carefully made and accurately and circumstantially related;

The Time requisite for dressing being stated.

The Quantities of the various articles contained in each composition being carefully set down in Number, Weight, and Measure.

This precision has never before been attempted in Cookery books, but I found it indispensable, from the impossibility of *guessing* the quantities intended by such obscure expressions as have been usually employed for this occasion in former works.

For instance: a little bit of this—a handful of that—a nip or an inch of t'other,—do 'em over with an Egg—and, a sprinkling of salt,—a dust of flour,—a shake of pepper,—a squeeze of lemon,—or a dash of vinegar, &c. are the constant phrases; season it to your palate, (meaning the Cook's,) is another form of speech now, if she has any,—it is very unlikely that it is in unison with that of her employers,—by continually sipping *piquante* relishes, it becomes blunted and insensible, and soon looses the faculty of appreciating delicate flavours,—so that every thing

* It is said, there are SEVEN chances against even the most simple dish being presented to the Mouth in absolute perfection; for instance A LEG OF MUTTON.

- 1st.—The Mutton must be good,
- 2d.—Must have been kept a good time,
- 3d.—Must be roasted at a good fire,
- 4th.—By a good Cook,
- 5th.—Who must be in good temper,
- 6th.—With all this felicitous combination you must have good luck, and
- 7th.—Good Appetite.—The Meat, and the Mouths which are to eat it, must be ready for each other, at the same moment!

† "She must be quick and strong sighted; her hearing most acute, that she may be sensible when the contents of her vessels bubble although they be closely covered, and that she may be alarmed before the pot boils over: her auditory nerve ought to discriminate (when several saucepans are in operation at the same time) the simmering of one, the ebullition of another, and the full toned warbling of a third.

"It is imperiously requisite that her organ of smell be highly susceptible of the various effluvia, that her nose may distinguish the perfection of aromatic ingredients, and that in animal substances it shall evince a suspicious accuracy between tenderness and putrefaction: above all, her olfactories should be tremblingly alive to mustiness and empyrenma. It is from the exquisite sensibility of her palate, that we admire and judge of the Cook; from the alliance between the olfactory and sapid organs it will be seen, that their perfection is indispensable."

is done at random. These Culinary technicals are so differently understood by the learned who write them, and the unlearned who read them, and their 'rule of Thumb' is so extremely indefinite,—that if the same dish be dressed by different persons, it will generally be so different, that nobody would imagine they had worked from the same directions, which will assist a person who has not served a regular apprenticeship in the Kitchen, no more than reading "*Robinson Crusoe*," would enable a Sailor to steer safely from England to India.

Careless expressions in Cookery are the more surprising, as the Confectioner is regularly attentive, in the description of his preparations, to give the exact quantities, though his business, compared to Cookery, is as unimportant, as the Ornamental is inferior to the Useful.

The maker of Blanchmange, Custards, &c., and the endless and useless collection of pretty playthings for the Palate, (of first and second childhood, for the vigour of manhood seeketh not to be sucking Sugar-candy, or sipping

Turtle,) is scrupulously exact even to a grain, in his ingredients; whilst Cooks are unintelligibly indefinite, although they are intrusted with the administration of our food, upon the proper quality and preparations of which, all our powers of Body and Mind depend;—their Energy, being invariably, in the ratio, of the performance of the restorative process, i. e. the quantity, quality, and perfect digestion of what we eat and drink; and a sufficient portion of sound Sleep, "the balm of hurt minds, chief nourisher in life's feast, great Nature's second course."

Unless the Stomach be in good humour, every part of the machinery of life must vibrate with languor;—can we then be too attentive to its adjustment!!!

Thus, the table of the most Economical Family, may, by the help of this Book—be served with as much delicacy and salubrity, as that of a Sovereign Prince,—and the comforts of the Opulent are brought within the reach of the Middle Ranks of Society.

HOLMAN, THE BLIND TRAVELLER.*

(Literary Gazette.)

THE remarkable circumstances of an extensive tour written by a *Blind Traveller* recommends this singular volume to an early notice. But this is not the only claim of Mr. Holman's pages to our attention. They are in themselves agreeable; and they offer to the reflecting mind curious phenomena to trace, which are not to be discovered in the travels of many who journey with their eyes wide open. The impressions made by noble cathedrals, by exquisite works of art, by nature, by the difference of manners in society, upon an author in whom

Wisdom [is] at one entrance quite shut out, are not only extraordinary but highly instructive. An Essay upon such im-

pressions would have been a pleasing publication; but such a practical essay as this journal exhibits, introducing all the facts incidentally, as called forth by events, and not dwelling upon them longer than consists with a modest and lively narrative, possesses still greater attractions for the reader. The simplicity, the candour, and the ardour of Mr. H. are quite delightful; and his disposition appears to be altogether so amiable, that we do not wonder at his meeting with civilities every where, though almost a stranger to the languages of the countries through which he travelled with an independence of spirit and confidence in himself, the possible existence of which, in his dark situation, can hardly be conceived.

* The Narrative of a Journey undertaken in the years 1819, 1820, 1821, through France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, Holland, &c. comprising Incidents that occurred to the Author, who has long suffered under a total deprivation of sight. By James Holman.

The volume is dedicated by permission to the Princess Augusta ; and the author in his preface thus apologises for any errors into which he may have fallen :

“ The want of vision must frequently make his observations and descriptions imperfect ; to compensate for this, he has availed himself of such intelligence as he could derive from others ; and, for the same reasons, has introduced a variety of extracts from interesting authors, which appeared desirable to elucidate or enliven his narrative.

“ He rests his chief hope of the approbation of the public, upon having given a plain and faithful statement of a journey, which must be regarded as possessing a degree of originality, arising from the peculiar circumstances under which it was undertaken.

“ He now concludes his prefatory matter, by soliciting the indulgence of his readers, and entreating them not to criticise with too much severity, a work which, he trusts, has some claims upon their forbearance ; and which, if it happens to repay their perusal by any pleasurable emotion, or to excite a kind sympathy for his own situation, will have answered the fullest expectation of its author.”

Interested, as every breast must be, by such an appeal, we proceed with no unfriendly emotions to give our brief abstract of Mr. Holman's labours :

He set out from Dover in November 1819, and was duly wafted over to Calais—where he says—

“ Behold me, then, in France ! surrounded by a people, to me, strange, invisible, and incomprehensible ; separated from every living being who could be supposed to take the least interest in my welfare, or even existence ; and exposed to all the influence of national prejudice, which is said to prompt this people to take every advantage of their English neighbours. To counteract these disadvantages, I had nothing but the common feelings of humanity, which might be elicited in favour of an unfortunate person like myself, assisted by the once boasted *politesse* of the great nation.”

The *politesse* spoken of is sometimes a little ludicrously inconvenient to him,

as we learn from the story of his first evening's adventures :

“ On returning to the Hotel, I partook for the first time of a French dinner ; and, the commissionaire having left me, had the advantage of being waited upon by Paul the *garçon*, who did not understand one word of English ; I had no little difficulty in getting through the routine of this important repast. In the evening, Virginie, the *fille-de-chambre*, attended to put me to bed, and appeared literally to have expected to assist in the various operations of disrobing, &c. I was, however, enabled, through the medium of the commissionaire, to assure her, that it was quite unnecessary to give her that trouble. So dismissing my attendants with the candle, I secured the door, and retired to rest.”

Such dilemmas were not unfrequent ; afterwards, for instance, travelling in the voiture near Toulouse, Mr. H. relates—

“ My companions appeared to enjoy their repast, and every additional glass evidently produced increased animation, as they talked louder and faster. They were, however, particularly attentive to myself, my want of sight probably exciting their sympathy.

“ At length, fatigued with the scene, I retired to my chamber, which was capacious, and furnished with several beds, and had the pleasure of finding the one which had been selected for my repose, good and commodious. But an important dilemma now presented itself : taking the *fille-de-chambre* by the hand, in order to ascertain that she was carrying the candle away with her, a point I am always particular in attending to, as, when it has been left behind, I have occasionally burnt my fingers, and once even made an extinguisher of my chin ; and then making a motion to lock her out, that I might, according to the especial clause in my agreement to that effect, appropriate the room entirely to myself, I was surprised to find her as strenuously oppose this measure, as most of the fair sex, I have no doubt, would an attempt to lock them in. It was useless endeavouring to comprehend her meaning, and only by returning to the supper-

room did I learn that the room in question was intended for the accommodation of the whole party. It is not easy to conceive the confusion which ensued, on my evincing a steady determination not to pass the night by the side of the conducteur, or even the ladies of our party; I persisted, however, in my resolution, and folding my arms, and closing my eyelids, reclined, in the posture of repose, in a large easy chair in which I happened to be placed.

"At this juncture, the bootmaker's wife, taking me by the hand, conducted me to a single-bedded room, from which, after having assisted in my arrangements, and warmed my bed, she permitted me to lock her out.

"I cannot but express myself grateful, for the interest this kind-hearted woman evinced in my favour, on the present occasion; but this is not the only time that I have been indebted for support and success to a fair advocate."

It must have been amusing to observe the effect of Mr. Holman's appearance upon the population of the Auberges, &c. as he passed on. They must have felt that the English mania for seeing foreign lands was inconceivably strong, since even the physically blind were following the footsteps of the multitude of mentally blind, to whom they were already accustomed.

Our countryman stopped about a week in Paris, at a boarding-house, to accustom himself to the language, of which his ignorance is stated in a way *plein de bonhomie*.

"On the morning after my entrance into this family, I rang the bell of my bed-chamber, and requested a French servant to bring me hot water; in answer to this he replied, "*toute a l'heure*," with the meaning of which I was at the time totally ignorant: after waiting a quarter of an hour, I rang again, and received the same reply, "*toute a l'heure*," but with no better result: I again repeated my application, it was still "*toute a l'heure*:" at length, after the lapse of an hour, he brought the water. At breakfast, I took the opportunity of inquiring the signification of this convenient expression, requesting to be informed, whether it implied

five minutes or an hour, when they told me it meant "immediately." I could not but think however, as far as my experience extended, that the word and the action did not, in the present instance, suit each other."

This "*toute a l'heure*" often plagues him in his future course, and a notable example of it occurs in his journey from Paris to Bordeaux, which we will extract:

"About nine o'clock on the following morning, being Sunday, the 31st of October, one of our company exclaimed, "*Voila Bordeaux!*" The sound revived me exceedingly, for I was become irritable and impatient, from the length and fatigue of the journey. At twelve o'clock the coach halted, and my fellow-passengers immediately jumped out, leaving me to shift for myself. Of course I concluded that we had arrived at the coach-office, and began to call out loudly for the conducteur to come and assist me in getting out. He immediately presented himself, uttered the now well-known "*toute a l'heure*," and left me. Although I perfectly recollected the unlimited signification of this word in Paris, what could I do? Had I jumped out, I should not have known what step to have taken next, and the rain was falling in torrents. There appeared no remedy, but to sit patiently until it might please some one to come to my assistance. In a little while I heard at least 30 people around the coach, talking a loud and unintelligible gibberish, quite unlike any language of the country which I had hitherto heard; soon afterwards I perceived the carriage undergoing an extraordinary and irregular kind of motion; the people occasionally opened the door, and made me move from one side to the other, as if they were using me for shifting ballast; I inferred that they were taking off the wheels with a view of placing the carriage under cover. After this I became sensible of a noise of water splashing, as if they were throwing it from out of hollows, where it had collected in consequence of the rain. It was in vain that I endeavoured to gain an explanation of my being thus left behind in the coach, the only satisfaction I could de-

rive was "toute a l'heure," and the conviction that nothing remained for me but to be patient.

"But patience is more oft the exercise

Of saints, the trial of their fortitude."—Milton.

"At length the motion began to increase, and to my great surprise, after an hour's suspense, I heard the horses again attached to the carriage; the passengers re-entered the coach, and we once more proceeded on our journey!

"It was afterwards explained to me, that these unaccountable proceedings arose, on our having arrived on the banks of the river Dordogne, which enters the Garonne, near Bordeaux, from the necessity, at this point, of transporting the carriage on a raft for some distance down the stream; that the passengers had crossed the river in a ferry-boat, to a coach waiting for them on the other side, leaving me to float down with the carriage on the raft, or sink to the bottom as fate might determine; in short, I found that, while I supposed myself sitting in the coach-office yard at Bordeaux, I had actually travelled four miles by water, without having entertained the least idea of such an adventure.

"In a quarter of an hour after this, we actually arrived at the coach-office."

From Bordeaux Mr. H. went to Toulouse, and thence to Montpellier, where he tells us,

"On leaving the coach, I accompanied a gentleman with whom I had been acquainted at Toulouse, and who had been a fellow-traveller on the present occasion, to his lodgings in this town; but on his arrival, he met with the following disappointment. During his absence, on legal business, he had permitted some friends to occupy his rooms, one of whom happened to die in his best chamber. Now it is customary in France, on such an occasion to burn the bedding and other furniture, and in case of this happening in lodgings, the friends of the deceased are expected to pay for them; the charge, in the present instance, was eight hundred francs, and the furniture had not been replaced; my friend, therefore, was induced to provide himself with fresh rooms."

His sensations are admirably described in the following passage:

"A short time before my departure from Montpellier, I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle, which abridged materially my usual pleasure of walking, but did not prevent me pursuing my original intention of proceeding to Aix.

"M. de C—— was kind enough to accompany me to the coach, and, with the best possible motives, recommended me to the care of the passengers and conducteur, but which I must admit I would rather have declined, as it disarmed me of that independence I wished to feel; I fancied it was placing me in the light of a school-boy; or perhaps a package of "*Glass.—Keep this side uppermost.*" I would prefer being treated with the little ceremony of a wool pack, which by its accommodating elasticity, not only avoids injury from slighter contact, but under more decided and ruder pressure, becomes so solid, so confirmed, so compact, as effectually to oppose additional restraint, and probably at length by its innate powers, to throw off the superincumbent weight, and immediately regain its original state; in short, I find less difficulty and inconvenience in travelling amongst strangers, than people imagine, and prefer being left to my own resources; habit has given me the power of acquiring by a kind of undefinable tact, as correct ideas of objects as the most accurate descriptions would give; and unbiassed by the opinions of others, I feel more facility in forming my estimates of human nature."

Having visited Nismes, Aix, and other places, Mr. H. took up his residence at Nice, where he enjoyed every comfort; and gives us the following accounts of various matters which attracted his observations there and at St. Rosalie, a rural abode of Madame M—— and two daughters, near the city:

"The process of making the wine is as follows:—The grapes being selected and picked, are put into a large vat, where they are well trodden down by the naked feet; after which the liquor is drawn off from below; the bruised grapes are then put into a press, and the remaining liquor extracted. The whole of the juice is now put into casks with their bungs open, and allowed to ferment, and discharge its impurities

for twelve, fifteen, or twenty days, according to the strength of the grape ; the waste occasioned by the discharge being constantly supplied with fresh liquor. The vessels are then carefully closed, and in about a month the wine is considered fit for drinking.

“ When the grapes are of a bad, meagre kind, the wine-dealers mix the juice with pigeon’s dung, or quicklime, in order to give it a spirit which nature has denied, or, possibly, to take off acidity.

“ The air becoming sensibly cooler, it was determined to remove to our winter quarters in Nice, leaving St. Rosalie to its peasantry, now about to commence getting in the olives, and express the oil, which is the richest part of their harvest. The best olives are those which grow wild, but the quantity of these is inconsiderable ; they begin to collect them in the early part of November, and this is repeated at intervals until March or April ; the fruit is beaten off the trees with long canes as it ripens, which is known by its turning from a light green to a very dark colour. The oils must be expressed immediately, and before the olives fade or grow wrinkled, otherwise it will not be good. The whole are, in the first instance, ground into paste by a mill-stone, set edgeways in a circular stone trough, and turned by a mule or the power of water ; this paste is then put into cases, made of the same kind of grass which is so much used in the Mediterranean for the manufacture of ropes and cables ; six or eight of which are piled one over the other, and then subjected to a powerful press for a few minutes, by which the oil is forced out, and received into a stone reservoir placed beneath it. While the oil is passing from the press, hot water is frequently dashed over it, to make it flow the better. The whole fluid is now transferred into a wooden vat, half filled with water, in which the dregs fall to the bottom, while the supernatant oil is skimmed off, and stored up in small oblong casks. The remnant is now thrown into a large stone cistern containing water, and allowed to continue there twelve or fourteen days, frequently stirring it during that time ; a coarser oil

is then taken from its surface, which serves for the purpose of burning in lamps, or in manufactories. After these processes, they separate an oil still more coarse and fetid, and occasionally grind the paste down with hot water, which extracts a yet greater quantity of oily matter, but which in this case soon grows rancid.

“ The dregs which remain after these operations, when dried, are used as a fuel ; particularly for warming, by means of *brasieres*, apartments without chimneys.

“ There is however, a very peculiarly fine preparation, called virgin oil, and which is a great delicacy, eating like the sweetest butter ; this is made from green olives, and sold at a high price, as a great quantity of the fruit yields but little oil.

“ In many streets [of Nice] you are annoyed by the thumping of machinery, employed in the manufacture of macaroni, and which is required to force it into its tubular form. The following is the process for manufacturing the ordinary kind of macaroni or vermicelli : Equal parts of fine and coarse flour are mixed together, and made into a paste with water, to which a small quantity of saffron has been added to give it a yellow tinge. The whole is then kneaded into a stiff paste, by means of a beam of wood, which is worked by two or three men on the principle of the lever ; after which it is put into a strong cylinder of copper, with perforations in its bottom, of such size as may be necessary to give the form of macaroni or vermicelli, which ever may be intended. It is then forced through these apertures into its tubular shape by a powerful screw, and cut of proper lengths as it comes out, after which it is hung up in the air to harden.”

From Nice our traveller sailed for Genoa in a felucca, when a storm furnishes him with an affair quite in Sterne’s way : being as he confesses,

“ For two nights and a day in the cabin of a vessel, and scarcely within hearing of a living soul, with a young married female of five-and-twenty, and whom my imagination might lead me to suppose beautiful as an *Houri* ; with-

out pen, ink, paper, table, or any other requisite to arrange our affairs by, and quite unprovided with curtains, and corking pins, as in the case of our sentimentalist, to prevent even the impulse of a hand in the act of exclamation. The whole of this time passed away like a night to me ; for as it was cold, we shut ourselves up close, to keep out the wind and rain ; like our sailors on the northern expedition, during this state of confinement, it made no difference, whether we dined in the night or day, for it was just as easy for me to serve out our provisions in the former as in the latter ; and with respect to sleep, I think I had the best of it in the day-time, as the lady's fears were the less on the *qui vive*, for whenever the sea at night struck us a little harder than usual, she would cry out in terror, "*Monsieur ! Monsieur ! nous sommes contre les roches,*" and I must have had a heart of rock, had I not poured in all possible consolation : I had the pleasure indeed of thinking that the assurances of my animated tongue were not less serviceable to her than the enjoyment of my *lingua mortua*, which no doubt contributed very efficaciously to support her strength and spirits, for I soon found by the lightness of the basket, that her own stores were insufficient for so prolonged a voyage, or, as sailors would express it, that she was in danger of experiencing a southerly wind in the bread-bag."

Genoa is succeeded in the tour by Leghorn, and Leghorn by Florence, Florence by Rome, and Rome by Naples. From the remarks at these places we shall, as hitherto, enlarge our exemplification of the work, selecting such as most strikingly illustrate the writer's peculiar feelings and circumstances, and then leave the volume to its fortunes. At Florence he says—

"I visited the Theatre Cocomero, and heard the Barber of Seville, an opera so well known that it would be superfluous to enter into any description of it ; but I cannot resist stating the extraordinary effect produced upon me by the singing of the prima Donna. I thought I could have given the world to have seen her pretty face and figure ; the tones and expressions of her voice,

however, appeared to connect themselves in my mind, by pure sympathy, with exact delineations of her person and attitudes, and to excite the most powerful desire to possess the power of vision, which I ever recollect to have experienced since I had the misfortune to lose it. I heard, I felt, I saw or *imagined I saw*, every thing which words, gestures, and actions could convey : I rose, leaned forward, and felt an almost irresistible impulse to spring upon the stage, to ascertain whether my ideas were illusive or real ; and what may be thought still stranger, my desire to see, appeared to originate from a wish to convince myself that I could not see. I may be thought to overcharge this description with too vivid or affected sentiment, but I can assure the reader, that it contains only a small portion of the exquisite feelings which I experienced."

In the Vatican at Rome he says—

"This coup d'œil, with me, was not only wanting, but I had to walk up to each statue in rotation, and listen to a tame description of its beauties. I was even not allowed the advantage of examining by the touch, as soldiers were placed in each apartment to prevent such violation : had I been freely permitted this kind of examination, I doubt not that I might have been as highly gratified as those who saw, for the sense of touch conveys to my mind as clear, or at least as satisfactory, ideas of form, and I think I may add, the force of expression, as sight does to others. I did occasionally examine them in this way by stealth, when I was apprised that the soldiers' backs were turned towards me."

At Sentinella, near Naples, donkeymen offer their animals for hire, and Mr. H. observes,

"On laying my hand on one of these asses, I was astonished at the silkiness of its skin ; but I believe the hair of all animals is proportionably softer in southern climates, probably in consequence of the superficial pores being more open. I have heard, and it appears probable, that the nerves of the cuticle, as of the finger, are more sensible in warm latitudes ; and that this is the reason why the silks, and other fine

works, in such countries, are of more delicate texture, than what are manufactured elsewhere."

But his ardour is most strikingly evidenced by his determining, in spite of all dissuasion, to ascend Vesuvius!—a feat of curiosity which perhaps no love of science, ancient or modern, will be thought to surpass. The following is his relation :

" Notwithstanding the representations made to me on all sides, of the difficulties which must attend it, my desire to visit Mount Vesuvius was of so ardent a nature, that I certainly should have made the attempt alone, had not a friend, Mr. M——, kindly volunteered to accompany me, but from whom, I have the vanity to say, I rather looked for amusement and information, than guidance and protection.

" My friends endeavoured to dissuade me from this arduous undertaking, and when, after fully deciding upon the measure, I inquired in what way it was customary for others to make the ascent, replied, " Oh ! they could see their way up." " Well, then," I retorted, " I have little doubt of being able to *feel* mine." I must acknowledge myself annoyed by having suggestions of difficulties persisted in, which, I feel sensible in my own bosom, do not insuperably exist ; nor can I admit any person not in the same situation with myself, capable of estimating the powers, which under the curtailment of one sense, another in consequence, acquires.

" We reached the hermitage about half after eight o'clock, and at the suggestion of our guide, recruited ourselves with some of the hermit's bread and wine ; and then began the more arduous part of our journey. The road soon became very soft, being constituted of the light dust which had been thrown out of the crater ; interspersed, however, with large and sharp stones, ejected from the same source ; some of which were of such immense size, that did we not bear in mind the astonishing powers of elementary fire, we could scarcely credit the possibility of such masses being hurled to this distance, from out of the bowels of the mountain.

" One of the greatest inconveniences I found in this ascent, was from the

particles of ashes insinuating themselves within my shoes, and which annoyed my feet so much, that I was repeatedly compelled to take them off, in order to get rid of the irritating matter. Hence I would recommend future travellers to ascend in white leathern boots.

" At length we reached the only part of the mountain which was at this time in a burning state, and which was throwing out flames and sulphurous vapour ; when the guide taking me by the arm, conducted me over a place where the fire and smoke issued from apertures between the stones we walked upon, and which we could hear crackling under our feet every instant, as if they were going to be separated, and to precipitate us into the bowels of the mountain. The sublime description of Virgil did not fail to occur to my recollection.

" By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high,
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
And flakes of mounting flames lick the sky ;
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd from their force come piecemeal down.
Oft liquid fires of burning sulphur glow,
Nurs'd by the fiery spring that burns below."
Dryden.

" My imagination, I admit, was actively alive to the possible accidents which might have occurred ; I followed, however, with all the confidence which my conviction of being under the care of a cautious leader, did not fail to inspire. My guide appeared highly gratified with the incident, asserting that it was the first time one deprived of sight had ever ventured there ; and adding, that he was sure it would much surprise the king, when the circumstance became known to him, in the report which is daily made of the persons who visit the mountain. The ground was too hot under our feet, and the sulphurous vapour too strong, to allow of our remaining long in this situation ; and when he thought he had given us a sufficient idea of the nature of this part of the mountain, we retired to a more solid and a cooler footing ; previous to which, however, he directed my walking-cane towards the flames, which shrivelled the ferrule, and charred the lower part ;—this I still retain as a memorial.

" From hence we were conducted to

the edge of a small crater, now extinguished, from whence about two months before, the Frenchman, rivalling the immortality of Empedocles—

“Deus immortalis haberi,
Dum cupit Empedocles ardentem frigidus *Ætnam*
Insiluit.—” *Hor.*

and desirous of dying a death worthy the great nation, plunged into the fiery abyss. The guide placed my hand on the very spot where he was stated to have last stood, before he thus rashly entered upon eternity.

“I was anxious to have proceeded up the cone to the border of the superior and large crater, but our guide objected, indeed refused to conduct us to it, unless we awaited the dawn of morning; the moon, he said, was fast descending, so that we should be involved in darkness before we could attain it; and that consequently it would be attended with risk in the extreme to make the attempt.

“This was a check to the completion of my anxious wishes, but our arrangements at Naples neither made it convenient to my friend, or myself, to remain until morning; nor would it have been pleasant to have spent some hours here without refreshment, more particularly as I had left my coat behind near the hermitage, and at this elevation we found it extremely cold.

“After spending a short time in examining some of the immense masses of calcined rock, many of them forming solid cubes of twenty feet diameter, and which had been at different times thrown out by the volcanic power; we

began to retrace our steps towards the hermitage, distant, as our guide informed us, four miles, but which must have been an over-rated estimate. As we approached this latter place, we met a party ascending the mountain, with an intention of waiting the break of day, so as to enable them to reach the very summit.”

In his rambles about Naples, Mr. H. associated himself a good deal with a deaf companion, with whom he travelled 1400 miles to Amsterdam, and of whom he says, very cheerfully,

“My friend had the misfortune of being deaf, as well as suffering otherwise from ill health; it may be regarded as a curious incident in our travelling connexion,—that I should want sight, and he hearing; the circumstance is somewhat droll, and afforded considerable amusement to those whom we travelled with, so that we were not unfrequently exposed to a jest on the subject, which we generally participated in, and sometimes contributed to improve.”

With this gentleman he returned by Rome, Florence, Milan, Geneva, Lausanne, Strasburg, Amsterdam, where they parted with mutual regret. Thence by Brussels and Ostend, our enterprising traveller sought his native soil; taught, like all who leave it, whether blind or sharp-sighted, to value it more than he had ever done before. There are many parts of the latter tour which court extract, but we hope we have done enough to recommend this extraordinary production to the public.

DUBLIN IN 1822.

(New Monthly June.)

DUBLIN is a miniature of London: it is built like a metropolis, and has its squares and great streets. It is not like any of the great provincial towns which are places of trade, and only inhabited by persons more or less directly connected with trade; nor is it like Bath, a great theatre of amusement. It exhibits the same variety of ranks as London. It has its little court, its viceroy, with all the attend-

ants upon his reflected royalty; it has its little aristocracy and its leaders of *bon ton*; it has its corporation; it has its Lord Mayor, and all the pageantry of city grandeur; it has its manufacturing, its mercantile, and its monied interests: it is the Westminster of Ireland, and is accordingly the *locus in quo* of judges, barristers, attorneys, &c. Almost every thing we find in London may be found also in Dublin.

The difference is but in degree, and the similitude may be traced in the minutest details. Dublin has its club-rooms, just as we have our's in St. James's-street; there are also balls on the same aristocratic plan as ours at Almack's; and the gardens attached to the Rotunda are, during the season, lighted up in humble and distant imitation of Vauxhall. Dublin too resembles the English capital in its ebbs and flows. At the commencement of the long vacation the gentlemen of the long robe take wing, and the whole moveable population disembogues itself into the cottages, villas, and mansions which line the Bay. Before the Union the resemblance was, no doubt, more complete; and the state of society then existing must have been exceedingly worthy of observation, and the varieties it presented highly entertaining. The recollections of this period cherished by the elder inhabitants of Dublin are very lively, and their representations of the great excitement and festivity which prevailed are probably correct. While the rich nobles and gentry were attending in their places in the parliament, all was gaiety and animation. The wealth which was necessarily diffused, increased the shrewdness and enlivened the humour of the most quickwitted people of Europe. The very chairmen, porters, and shoeblacks (a fraternity now, alas! nearly extinct) partook the general hilarity, and cracked such jokes and said such excellent things as they are now seldom heard to utter. The mob, previous to the extinction of the Irish parliament, took a warm interest in the subjects of its debates, which were of a popular nature; and several choice spirits arose, whose fears and prowess are recorded in many a ballad and ditty. Parties ran high, and one quarter of the city was sometimes arrayed against the other. The coal-porters were at one time at variance with the weavers of the Liberty; the burden of their war-cry ran thus:—

“We'll not leave a weaver alive in the Combe,†
We'll cut their weft, and we'll break their loom.”

But the feuds of the coal-porters and weavers are now nearly forgotten. Had they not had a bard, we should not now have mentioned them. At this period a slang arose, and very generally prevailed amongst the lower orders, which was of a most curious character, and which gave additional zest to their farcical sayings and jests. The dialogue between two shoeblacks playing pitch and toss, which appeared in Edgeworth's *Irish Bulls*, is exquisite in its kind. What dandy of the highest water could make a proposition to a brother fop in a finer spirit of *enjouement* than that conveyed in the phrase—“Tim, will you sky a copper?” and the glorious conclusion spoken in a tone of such profligate valour, and “So I gives it him, plaise your honour, into the bread basket with my bread-winner (knife) up to the Lampsey (maker's name)!” Even better than this we deem “*The night before Larry was stretched*,” one of the best slang songs ever made. In the records of Irish crime such offenders as Larry are often found. Our Old Bailey culprits are dark, gloomy knaves; but the Irish rogues are all Macheaths and Don Juans in their way, “gay, bold, dashing villains.” An Irishman was asked by an acquaintance one day why he looked so sad. “Ah!” was his reply, “I have just taken leave for ever of one of the pleasantest fellows, a friend of mine, whom the world ever saw.”—“How, for ever?”—“Yes, for ever; he's to be hanged to-day for a burglary!” It was a fact that this gentleman, now enjoying name and station, used to frequent the Dublin Newgate, and found his boon companions among some of its inmates; and certainly those who have a stomach strong enough for a coarse low humour, could not make a better selection.

While Dublin was the seat of legislature, there was a great commixture of the Bar with the members of the House

† The Combe in Dublin is near St. Patrick's (Swift's!) cathedral, the situation is a low one, and we presume that it should properly be spelled without the final e.—See Johnson's Dictionary, v. *Comb*, and Camden's *Britannia* by Gibson.

of Commons : almost every lawyer of any eminence had a seat in Parliament ; the scene was a strange one. Not merely all interests, but all the varieties of human character had their suitable representations. In the British House of Commons the active men are all endowed with much the same qualities : there is some small distinction between the great orators and the men of business ; every man is expected, however, to exhibit good sense and information. In the Irish parliament it was not so. Business was carried on there in every possible diversity of means. There were the fighting members, ready to take off an obnoxious man if he did but "bite his thumb ;" there were the jokers, who prostrated a foe with a *bon mot*, or a sneer at his expense ; there were the vehement declaimers, whose weapon was invective, and who levelled abuse at him whose views and reasonings they could not impugn. Let any one look to the Irish debates, and he will find ample fund for astonishment. The entire city used to be pervaded with anxiety upon the subject under discussion in the house. Multitudes used to throng its avenues and cheer the popular members. All this is now past, and the scene is comparatively dull ; but there is yet much in Dublin to repay enquiry skillfully directed, and to excite interest. The great proprietors no longer residing in Dublin, the first place in society has naturally devolved to the Bar, which, generally speaking, is held in higher estimation in Ireland than in this country. The profession is by no means so much *detached* as here, and a counsellor, as he is termed, is expected to be not merely acquainted with law, but to be well-informed on every subject, and he is accordingly regarded as an authority upon all points. An English practitioner would be much surprised at the course of an Irish barrister's life. The courts do not sit till near eleven o'clock, and no business is done after dinner. There are no inns of court, and each individual lives in that part of the city he chooses. The judges lead an easy life ; there is seldom any press of business, and in Chancery we believe there is not (when

will the same be said of the English court ?) a single case in arrears. Nor is this strange, when it is considered that, for a country so greatly inferior in wealth and size, the same number of courts and judges is constituted.—Strictly, this is not the case as to Chancery, there being in Ireland no vice-chancellor ; but when the business of appeals in the House of Lords, and the duty of the Chancellor there as speaker, are considered, the position may be made with safety. The courts are all held in the same building, to which also are attached the various law offices. It is a very handsome edifice. In the centre stands a fine circular hall with a dome, and the passages to the courts open around. It is the custom for all barristers, whether having any business or not, to attend each day during term a few hours in this hall, around which they walk, intermixed with attorneys and suitors. Here circulates, speaking without a metaphor, all the tattle and news of the city. There can be no more agreeable lounge. The late Mr. Curran was in the habit of passing some time in the hall of the Four Courts, as it is called, each day ; and here, after playing off his puns and saying his good things, he used to make up his occasional dinner-parties, to which he invited the cleverest of the young men he met, and among whom, till his latest hour, he was the youngest of all. To them he gave abundance of wine, in the use of which he was himself sparing. Kind and benevolent to each, every guest felt at ease, and the incomparable host himself without ceremony abandoned and resumed his seat, walked about discoursing delicious eloquence, or took up his violoncello as he felt inclined. In the habits of the profession there is, perhaps, nothing to remark beyond the general character, which partakes more of pleasure and (may we say so ?) genteel life than does that of our denizens of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

The traders of Dublin are divided into three descriptions, which are strongly distinguished. There is the Corporation class, which is, perhaps, the least reputable ; the great Catholic

body, and the Presbyterian, which last is chiefly engaged in the linen and American trade. It is among the second that the stranger will find most matter for observation. Their religion has raised a line of demarcation between them and other classes of the community, and in consequence they retain more traces of the old Irish customs and mode of life. The institution of fasting two, and often three days in each week, as well as in Lent, is a great prevention of social intercourse between Catholics and Protestants. The rules of the Church are observed in Dublin with the utmost strictness,—a strictness unknown elsewhere. Among themselves they live in a style of great hospitality and luxury. Indeed the same may be observed of the mode of life of all classes in Dublin. The market is very fine; the supply of fish, that prime article in an epicure's catalogue of the goods of life, ample and regular in all its species, shell, white, red, &c. The common beverage, that most used, and though cheapest, most prized, is whisky-punch. Though called punch, it would, however, as most frequently drunk, be more properly denominated toddy; the *essential difference* being, as we apprehend, that punch contains lemon and that toddy does not. Whisky is of two kinds—malt, and corn, that is, made from barley or from oats, the first of which is most esteemed. But there is another distinction, and that is between *parliament* whisky, and poteen, or whisky made in defiance of parliament and all its ordinances, in a small still or pot. This last acquires, from the use of turf or peat in the process, a smoked taste, as to the agreeableness of which there is a great diversity of sentiment, the strong preponderance of authorities being in favour of the smoke. The spirit is an excellent spirit, “a dainty spirit,” as Shakspeare says. It is not very palatable to one who has revelled on claret and hock, and Burgundy, but it is sweet and delicious to those habituated to drink it, and it is extremely innocent. It may be safely said that an excess in quantity of alcohol can be taken in no shape less injurious; and assuredly the potency of its malignity

is well tried. The good old days are gone when the door was used to be locked, and the guests kept in durance till they became quite drunk: but a great deal of hard drinking yet prevails in Dublin. The middle classes are very much disposed to the enjoyments of the table; nor are they without a tendency to another modish vice. They play cards for sums small and trivial indeed in the apprehension of a dowager at Bath, or a man of mettle in town, but not when the circumstances of the parties are taken into account. The wife of a man not worth, root and branch, as the saying is, 10,000*l.* perhaps not half that sum, will lose on occasion six or eight or ten pounds at loo; and her husband will be guilty of a more masculine indiscretion, and perhaps double that amount. Supper is, in Dublin, a meal of great enjoyment. At supper it was that often during the latter years of the last century the whole company used to stand up, join hands, and sing all together the bold national anthem of *Erin go bragh*. The effect of this was wonderful. It was enough to have animated the veriest slave and coward. Old and young, the aged sire, and the youthful beauty, all united their voices and hands. We apprehend that many a democrat must thus have been created. Stubborn, indeed, must have been the heart that could thus resist the example of age and the influence of enthusiastic beauty. This meal continues to be the chosen one. During the course of the previous evening, the members of the party have become acquainted with each other; restraint has worn off—little friendships have grown up—people have attached themselves to each other—the belles have selected their admirers, and all sit down with fresh zest for enjoyment, and with the anticipation of separating to impart its sweet melancholy. To dinner belong your discussions of politics, and sombre dissertations on the weather. More jocund themes attend supper. There is mirth and song and laughter; and the maid who has been coy and reserved during the preceding hours, at length smiles favour.

It may, perhaps, be affirmed that literature has made less progress among

the Catholic gentry, than any description of individuals in these countries. They are, however, in their manners easy and cheerful, and endowed with that natural courtesy which is the great characteristic of the Irish people. In England we are too much a people of business—a “nation of shopkeepers,” as we are somewhat severely called. Our gravity does tend to produce somewhat of moroseness. In Ireland every man seems to be more or less a man of pleasure. We see few persons wedded to and delighting in one occupation as with us at home. There is a large body, the Presbyterian settlers in the north, to whom these observations apply with less force; but there is no question that the original Scottish character has been much mellowed by transplanting into the Irish soil. We are too apt to confound the various descriptions of Irish, but the distinctions are worth remarking. In Dublin a judicious cicerone may point out the dissipated and refined southern, the primitive Milesian of the west, and the more sober and stern inhabitant of the north, all strongly contrasted to an observing eye, and the brogue of each varying in character and richness. In England many a wealthy manufacturer or factor would prefer to hear himself termed tradesman to gentleman; but on the other side of the water it is not so. Every man is there a gentleman. We cannot better illustrate this fact than by mentioning that the term *esquire* is almost universally applied. There is no middle class in Ireland; there are no individuals who can be content with being well fed and clothed, and remaining in their original grade in society. As soon as an Irish trader makes a little money, he extends his domestic, not his mercantile establishment. He applies the surplus not to augmentation of his capital, but to increase of his pleasures. There is a great want of proper pride, and a great prevalence of vanity. People retire from trade in Ireland with such means as in England they would begin upon.

This however all tends to make the people, if not respectable, at least pleasant, which the Irish may be said emphatically to be. In society there is

less coldness and reserve and *hauteur* than in England. Let us here be understood to speak of the middle classes; among which in every country, the national character and peculiarities are most visible. The upper ranks in Ireland, the great proprietors and nobles, are much the same as individuals holding the same station amongst us. On entering society in Dublin, a stranger will be much struck by the animation of the party; the absence of—we were going to write, *mauvais-honte*; the haste which individuals make to commit themselves, as it is termed; the freedom with which every man gives his sentiments; and, to speak the truth, the real ability and powers of elocution with which he defends and explains them.

The politics of the inhabitants of Dublin are very much provincial; indeed questions immediately affecting the country are sufficiently numerous and important to occupy attention. But what may be called imperial policy is as little heeded or thought of as the approximation of two planets; an event probably affecting us, but in a degree so minute, and so remote as to occasion us scarce a passing thought. There does not prevail in Dublin that general acquaintance with the characters of public men, or with the state of parties, which we find in this city. The press of Dublin is a subject too delicate and too much open to controversy, for us to enlarge upon; but we will remark, that the sweeping, slapdash, discursive, colloquial style common in the newspapers, is very characteristic. The writing is, in point of literary merit, greatly inferior to that of the London journals. Though newspapers are cheaper in Ireland than here, they have small circulation among the lower classes in Dublin; nor have we remarked in any of the alehouses any newspaper ‘taken in here,’ as is frequent in London. These people have certainly, as their superiors seem to think they too have, lost all political weight and consideration. The mechanics and tradesmen all unite, however else they may differ, in bewailing the Union, which they deem to have been fatal to Ireland, because injurious to them immediately,

and to their city. It is certain, however that since that measure, Dublin has been most considerably enlarged and improved. It is not easy to explain the cause of this enlargement and improvement; there is no question that the trade of this city has declined. Belfast and Cork have possessed themselves of a part of what did once belong to the capital; and minor sea-ports now correspond directly with London and Liverpool, and the foreign ports, with all of which they used to have nothing to do, but to get commodities from the Dublin merchant. This is not a consequence of the Union, but of the progress of trade, and general advancement of the country. There are in Dublin no houses vacant—none of the mansions of the nobility have gone to ruin; some have fallen into the plebeian hands of opulent lawyers and merchants; and many are converted into public institutions and schools, and a great proportion into hotels. By this transition the inhabitants of Dublin are naturally much affected, and with many a bitter expression of sorrow they point out to the stranger the former residence of the various noble families. The Irish are a vain people, and impressed with a reverence for lords and ladies of high degree, very different from honest blunt John Bull's sentiments on that score; and it may be fairly presumed that the loss of so much good company is felt a considerable aggravation of the solid and substantial injury which the Union occasioned the citizens of the Irish metropolis.

The number of hotels in Dublin is prodigious. All the members of parliament, going and returning, pass a few days in Dublin: it was formerly a great capital, the seat of legislation; it is now a great place of passage. Dublin is now as great as it was at the Union; but not as great as it would have been, had that Union not taken place. The aversion to the Union, as a measure of policy, has augmented and maintained that dislike of England, which was once so strong in Ireland, but which is rapidly vanishing. The highest sense of the value and merit of English sobriety, prudence, industry, and exactness, is general; but the coldness

and reserve of the character is objected to. There is no doubt that the Irish are emulous of our virtues; and it would be well did we resolve to adopt the excellencies of their temper and good nature. There is one article, the improvement in respect of which we may condescend to notice, as (see Lord Londonderry's speech on the State of the Nation) one of his Majesty's Ministers vouchsafed to make it the subject of grave congratulation to the legislature. With such an authority, we run no risk of derogating from our dignity by adverting to it. We have the happiness of stating, that within the last fifty years the habits of the Irish people have improved, in point of cleanliness, in a degree almost inconceivable. They are still far from that martinet purity which we boast; but except in minor and trivial particulars, the inhabitants of Dublin are little less cleanly than those of London. Most of the hotels are kept in as good order as any here. It is true we do not see outer steps and window-stones of that dazzling and Cretan whiteness they exhibit in England; but it will be found, that wherever comfort demands that the brush and the scrubbing-block should be, they have been. In the north of Ireland, strange as it will sound to English ears, may be found a perfect pattern of cleanliness: the houses of the people engaged in the linen manufacture, are many of them as scrupulously and fastidiously neat and pure as possible. These remarks, however, must be confined to the more comfortable and happy classes of the community. We will not speak of the peasantry; but directing ourselves alone to the population of Dublin, we must say that it contains a large mass of human beings in the most squalid and wretched condition. An establishment for the relief and reception of mendicants does exist in Dublin: it is maintained by voluntary subscriptions, there being, as our readers are aware, no poor-laws in Ireland. But we mean to refer to a description of individuals who do not fall properly under the description of paupers, or constitute a fit object for alms,—we speak of the inferior orders of tradespeople and mechanics. There

is a part of Dublin called the Liberty, almost wholly inhabited by these persons. St. Giles's, or the most wretched lane of London, is splendid compared with it. We were informed that the Earl of Meath, whose property it is, actually gets no rent; and that the old law doctrine of General Occupancy prevails. The houses are most of them ruinous, but having been originally well built and of good materials, they hold together. The languishing state of the woollen and silk trades in Ireland, has had its effect, but the evil is mainly attributable to the great mischief under which that country suffers, the smallness of the recompence of labour. In London, too there is much squalid misery, but it is more out of sight and out of the way than in Dublin. Keeping to the west end of the town here, nothing but opulence presents itself: penury hides itself in remote retreats. But in Dublin he must step warily who desires to avoid the view of wretchedness. It is not possible to walk in any direction half an hour without getting among the loathsome habitations of the poor. In traversing Dublin, the stranger will feel with peculiar force the poet's emotion, when, contrasting a rural retreat with the city, he says of the former—

"Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom!"

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The first view of Dublin is prepossessing; Sackville-street, by which the traveller from Howth enters, is one of the finest streets in Europe; and as he passes through it, and over Carlisle-bridge, the Post-office and the Custom-house are seen, a glimpse of the Courts is obtained, and the Bank and college lie immediately in the way. But these are almost all that are to be seen; and the consequence is, that the first emotion of a stranger arriving in Dublin, is admiration; and that disappointment succeeds. The Bank was formerly the House of Parliament. It is of Grecian architecture, and for purity and elegance, stands, we believe unrivalled in these isles. Its beauty has been somewhat impaired since it fell into the hands of the monied gentry.

It was surrounded by a series of porticos, the apt resort of Eloquence and the Muses; but the worthy Directors have erected in the interstices between the columns, a stout rampart of stone and mortar, thus adding to the security of their coffers and the spaciousness of the building, however, they may have detracted from the beauty of the architecture. The Exchange is a handsome building, but unhappily stands at the head of a street of which it does not occupy the centre. A precisely similar fault in the site, it may be remarked, injures the effect of the Exchange at Liverpool. Dublin Castle, the town residence of the Viceroy, is situated upon an hill: it is well built, chiefly of stone, and has a very lordly and imposing appearance. The servant is better lodged than his master at St. James's. There are two large and handsome quadrangles, in the upper of which a stand of colours is always displayed. The entire of the building is not appropriated to the use of the Lord Lieutenant; much of it is occupied by the Public Offices, the Treasury, the Ordnance Office, the Chief Secretary's Office, the Council Chamber, &c. &c. The apartments are handsome, and the audience and presence chambers sufficiently spacious. The whole is surrounded by a wall of great height and strength. Some parts of the edifice are old. The Birmingham Tower, where the records are kept, derives its name from Sir William de Birmingham, one of the early settlers and deputies.

The neighbourhood of Dublin is very delightful. Both sides of the Bay are crowded with handsome villas. The mountains occupy the south: the Phoenix Park lies to the west, and beyond it opens the rich county of Kildare. The Glen of the Downs, the Dargle, the Devil's Glen, the vale of Oberea, Luggelaw, all the most charming scenery of Wicklow, is within a morning's drive of Dublin: on the other side, beyond the park, only a few miles from town, lies Lucan and Celbridge. Their vicinity to all these places leads the inhabitants of Dublin to make frequent country excursions;

and each Sunday, every jaded citizen who can muster a horse and car, has his wife and children apparelled in their gayest attire, and sallies forth to enjoy the pure fresh air, and cheer his sight with the view of the delicious country around him. Every house is deserted immediately after breakfast—the service of the Catholic Church is brief; it stays the eager citizen but a short time, and the roads about the metropolis present, early on the Sunday morning, a concourse of all sexes, ages, and conditions, hurrying to enjoy themselves. The Irish are particularly fortunate in the possession of their jaunting-car, as it is called. It is a vehicle drawn by one horse; the carriage of it is like that of a gig; the driver sits on a small raised seat behind the horse, and on each side, their feet supported by footboards, covering the wheels, sit two, or sometimes three persons, those on one side having their backs to those on the other. Thus may five, or six, or seven people be carried with little more inconvenience to a horse than a gig would occasion. This sort of vehicle is cheap; it enables people of humble fortune to move about; it places them nearly on a level with the wealthy, in respect of that sole remaining article in which the latter enjoy a real and substantial superiority in the goods of life; and it is perhaps the only instance in which the middle class possess, in Ireland, a comfort which does not belong to the same class in England. We are surprised that the jaunting-car has not been introduced into use in England. It is not well suited to a great town; but for the country it is admirably adapted.

In regard to the travelling between Dublin and London, the Holyhead road is a perfect pattern; and the great bridge now erecting over the Menai at Bangor, must not be passed by without a word. It is a work of the most magnificent description. The span of the arch is three hundred and sixty feet! It is scarcely possible to persuade oneself that the passage will

be safe: and we cannot answer for what might not have been our vulgar scepticism on that point, had we not been, in a most piteous voice, assured by our host, whose little inn at the Ferry will be deserted when the avenue to the bridge shall be opened, that there is not the remotest fear (*hope* he would have said) of a failure in the project. Camden, in his *Britannia*, takes notice of an attempt made by Edward the First to throw a bridge over the straits, that his army might pass by it into Anglesey. The monarch was unsuccessful. How would he wonder at the feats of Mr. Wyatt, the engineer! Not, certainly, more, however, than would the mariner of his day at a voyage of six hours and a half from Holyhead to Howth. What a contrast does the expedition and celerity of the passage of the steam-boat present to the doubt and difficulty of the seamen of early times, anxiously straining his eyes to discover, in the dark horizon, the summit of some headland, by which to conjecture his course!—If the homeliness and common-sense nature of these remarks on the route to Holyhead through North Wales, should give umbrage to any sentimental reader, who expected to hear of peaks lost in the clouds, of horrific precipices, of eternal snows, of sequestered vales, of goats perching on fearful crags, of the screaming of eagles, or the flight of wild geese, with all the addenda of torrents, and caves, we can only recommend, that he visit the place in his proper person, and content ourselves with referring him to the narrative of a journey to Brundisium, given by the first lyric poet of the Augustan age. He will find, that strong as is the precedent afforded by Horace's notice of the "gritty bread" and bad water, we have not condescended to drop a single hint, that even in Wales, *small* mutton is not necessarily delicious, inasmuch as it is often *young*: and that a Welsh rabbit, even in Wales, is sometimes made of *bad* cheese.

APHORISMS, THOUGHTS, AND OPINIONS, ON MORALS.

(European Magazine.)

WHEN a man admits an ardent passion into his bosom, he opens the door to a restless and active enemy ; who, if not watched with the most unceasing care, will throw down all the barriers against evil which virtue has raised ; nor rest till he has left no empire there but his own.

Attention to decorum is one of the greatest bulwarks of female virtue.

It is a painful, but well-known fact, that the envy and rivalry of near relations is the most bitter and inveterate.

It would be as kind to plant a dagger in the heart of a young woman, as to endeavour to persuade her that an amiable young man beholds her with partiality, unless there is no possible doubt of his having serious intentions of becoming her lover ; as women commonly love because they are beloved, and gratitude in a well-disposed mind is the foundation of passion. Then let not those imagine, to whom is delegated the task of watching over the conduct and propensities of young women, that on the subject of love they may venture to sport with the hopes and vanity of an inexperienced girl. If such an one be in the habit of hearing from the weak woman, or flattering men, who surround her, (persons more desirous of saying a pleasant than a true thing,) that she appears the object of decided preference to a man, whose attentions are gratifying to the self-love, she learns to view him with more than common complacency, and may be betrayed by even the best feelings of her nature, into the miseries of a hopeless attachment : for true love like the Cretan monster of old, is fond of preying on the CHOICEST VICTIMS ; and the PUREST streams reflect images more DEEPLY and more PERFECTLY than OTHERS.

The man who has lost his reason, and the child who has not gained his, are equally objects for reproof and restraint, and must be taught good and proper habits by judicious and firm controul, and occasionally by the operation of fear.

There is nothing more likely to so-

berise the intoxications of self-love, and teach us of how little value, are the praises of the creature, than the reflection, how soon even the most celebrated of men and women are forgotten : how soon the waters of oblivion close over the memory of the distinguished few, whose wit or whose beauty has delighted the circles, which their charms attracted round them ; and that even they, when they cease to be seen and heard, soon cease to be remembered also.

Temper, like the unseen but busy subterranean fires in the bosom of a volcano, is always at work where it has once gained an existence, and is for ever threatening to explode, and scatter ruin and desolation around it. Parents ! beware how you omit to check the first evidences of its empire in your children ; and tremble lest the powerless hand, which is only lifted in childish anger against you, should, if its impotent fury remain uncorrected, be aimed in future life with more destructive fury against its own life, or that of a fellow creature.

Some persons err, not so much in over-rating their own ability, as in under-rating that of their associates. They do not imagine themselves to be giants, but they think their companions pygmies.

All persons given to anger are apt to dwell on the provocation they have *received*, and utterly to *forget* the provocation which *they gave*.

The *difficult* part of good temper consists in forbearance, and accommodation to the ill-humour of others.

Temper is one of the most busy and universal agents in all human actions.

Philosophers have said that the electric fluid, though invisible, is every where at work in the physical world ; and I believe that temper is equally at work, though often unseen except in its effects, in the moral world.

Nothing is so rare as a single motive, almost all our motives are compound ones ; and, if we examine our own hearts and actions with that accuracy and diffidence, which become us as finite and responsible beings, we shall

find that, of our motives to bad actions temper is often a principal ingredient, and that it is not unfrequently one incentive to a good one.

The crimes not only of private individuals but of sovereigns might, I doubt not, be traced up to an uncorrected and uneducated temper as their source.

How many heart-aches should we spare ourselves, if we were careful to check every unkind word or action towards those we love by this anticipating reflection. 'The time may soon arrive, when the being, whom I am now about to afflict, may be snatched from me for ever to the cold recesses of the grave, secured from the assaults of my petulance, and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence.

How mortified one ought to feel at being told a tale of scandal; because it proves that the relator believes one able of enjoying it, and certainly it is an enjoyment of a very diabolical nature.

The virtues, like the vices, are so fond of one another, that they are seldom or ever found separate; and if a virtue or two be sometimes found crowded in amongst many vices, they are only like sprigs of geranium set without roots in a garden, which, before they have time to take root, are thrown down by the first shower or gust of wind, and wither away directly.

Spite is of no sex and is common to both equally, I believe: nor is it always the result of rivalry; it is as often the result of a mean, malevolent pleasure, taken by a person who indulges in it, in traducing and lowering every one on whom conversation may happen to turn. Nor is gossiping a fault more common to women than to men. Emptiness of mind, and want of proper and wholesome occupations, are common to both sexes, and consequently their result is so—a gossiping spirit, and a traducing tongue; and though some faults, like some diseases, may be for the most part confined to women, yet back-biting and slander, like the attacks of a fever, are common equally to men and women.

The happiness of the married life depends on a power of making small sacrifices with readiness and cheerfulness.

Few persons are ever called upon to make great sacrifices, or to confer great favours; but affection is kept alive, and happiness secured, by keeping up a constant warfare against little selfishness.

How many perhaps are the drawbacks on the apparently most brilliant situation, could one but commune with the closely veiled heart. The saying is only too true, that in every house there is a closet with a skeleton in it.

Never, probably, were excessive conceit and excessive vanity unaccompanied by malignity.

The conduct both of the low, and of the high born, when under the dominion of temper, is commonly the same. Temper is the greatest of all levellers, the greatest of all equalizers; and the peer and the peasant, when under the influence of passion, are equally removed from having any right to the name of gentleman. But it is not temper, as exhibited in the shape of violent passion, that has the most pernicious influence on the conduct and happiness. It is temper, under the shape of cool deliberate spite and secret rancour, that is most to be guarded against. It is the taunting word whose meaning kills, the speech intended to mortify one's self love, or wound our tenderest affections. Temper under this garb is most hateful and pernicious; and, when inflicting a series of petty injuries, it is most hideous and disgusting. The violence of passion, when over, often subsides into affectionate repentance, and is easily disarmed of its offensive power. But nothing disarms the other sort of temper. In domestic life it is to one's mind what a horse-hair sheet is to the body; and, like the spokes of Pascal's iron-gridle, whenever one moves, it inflicts pain most difficult to endure with fortitude.

The good-breeding ought highly to be valued, which, typical of benevolence though not benevolence itself, loves to put every one in good humour, and call forth the good feelings only of those with whom we associate; a habit of acting, which, when it does not militate against sincerity, nearly borders on a virtue; and those persons, on the contrary, may be classed amongst the

vicious, who, from coarseness of feeling and sometimes perhaps from want of humanity, wound the self-love even of their dearest friends by vulgar jokes on the defects of their persons, their dress, nay, sometimes on their professions, their trades, or even on their poverty.

It is easy for any woman to behave with graceful propriety at the table of another, where she has nothing to do : but the test of an habitual gentlewoman is her behaviour at the head of her own.

PROGRESS OF STEAM-BOATS.

(Monthly, July.)

IT is little more than ten years since the editor of this Magazine received a letter from his friend FULTON, in New York, to apprise him of the success of his first steam-packet between that city and Albany. The substance of that letter was inserted in the Monthly Magazine for March 1811 ; but, before it was printed, the Editor read it to the late Earl Stanhope, whose experiments on mechanical navigation had excited much attention. That nobleman, however, like the Douay professors in the case of the telescope, set about to demonstrate *the impossibility* of the thing, and convinced himself, if not his auditor, that Fulton had misrepresented the fact. The letter however appeared, and the attention of our speculative mechanics being drawn to the subject, the American steam-boat was not only soon imitated in the rivers of Britain, but essentially improved by their skill and science. We have now, therefore, more than one hundred steam vessels plying in various parts of the empire, not merely against the current of our rivers,—so as to render parallel canals as ridiculous as the aqueducts of the ancients,—but performing their voyages, in the face of tides and winds, in the adjacent seas. Thus London and Edinburgh, London and Calais, Liverpool and Dublin, Holyhead and Dublin, Bristol and Liverpool, Brighton and Dieppe, are now connected by steam vessels, which perform their voyages in measured time ; but within the past month

an *iron* vessel, of 280 tons burthen, has performed its first voyage from London to Paris direct. It reached Rouen in fifty-five hours, and proceeded from Rouen to Paris in a day and night, notwithstanding an accident in its tackle. We regard this as an event of great social importance to mankind, and record it with singular pleasure. It is the triumph of isolated genius over the inveterate prejudices of arrogant societies, all of whom have virulently opposed themselves to the improvements of our age ; and, in no case have done more to accelerate them, than the rudest persons in the community. Thus, notwithstanding the royal associations of men of science, France alone has succeeded in establishing but two or three steam-vessels. In Austria JEROME BONAPARTE, almost unaided, has munificently expended 100,000*l.* in vainly endeavouring to complete one to navigate the Danube. Only one has been established on the Adriatic ; and, if one has been started on the Baltic, it is the speculation of a Scotchman. The lakes and rivers of North America are nevertheless filled with them, and we may soon expect to hear of their connecting the northern with the southern continent ; and all parts of the latter by means of the vast rivers which penetrate the interior. The public are now awaiting with anxiety the results of Mr. Griffith's patent for steam land-carriages, of the progress and experiments on which we shall duly apprise our readers.

Travels.

FROM WADDINGTON'S LATE TRAVELS IN ETHIOPIA.

AMONG the renegades, they soon after encountered, on returning to their boat,

- - "Three very important Turkish looking men, one of whom saluted us in English. They proved to be an Italian and two Americans; the former, named Rossignoli, was a physician on the staff, and the others were renegades; the more consequential of the two, is named Mahommed Effendi—it is said, that he is of a good family, and that after deliberately weighing, with all the advantages of education, the merits of the two religions, he declared in favour of the Mahometan*. He then wrote a book, to prove to all the Christian world how well he had decided, and of which he greatly wishes, we were assured, to obtained the publication in England. He was now an officer of artillery in the Pasha's service; he is a pale, delicate-looking man, of above thirty, and has been successful in acquiring the grave and calm look of the Turks, and the slow motion of the head and roll of the eyes. Two other Americans followed his example, and also (to use the orthodox expression) "*took the turban*," and they have since been heard to express their repentance of an act performed (as they say) at his persuasion. Of their conversion, or rather transformation, (and it seems to have been almost miraculous,) I can give no better account than by a *literal* translation of one I received from an eye-witness: One day at Cairo, I saw pass by, two Americans, dressed like common sailors (which they were) in a blue jacket and trowsers; and then for eight or ten days, I saw no more of them. After that interval I observe them again, dressed in red, with a white turban on, and I say, "What thing is this?" (*Che cos' è questo?*) and I am told, that they have made Turks of themselves; and since, it seems, they have also made gentlemen of themselves." One of these was our third visitor. It is, perhaps, unjust to sus-

pect that the principal object of their visit was curiosity to know on what service we were employed by the Pasha; supposing, as they did very naturally, that it was not a voyage of mere pleasure, that we were making to such a place and at such a time. Amiro had before met us under the same impressions, except that he was led by his own pursuits to suspect us of being professed antiquarians, as the Americans did, no doubt, of being very able engineers. Their apparent, and perhaps only, motive for being at some trouble to see us, was highly honourable to their humanity. They had, as they fancied, very strong reasons to believe that Gentile had been poisoned, and that Demetrio had administered the drugs, at the instance of the Protomedico, who intended thereby to escape the payment of eight thousand piastres, which he owed the deceased. They talked of the Protomedico's general character, and mentioned a similar act, which he had notoriously committed at Cairo, by the hand of the very black who had so lately been our fellow-traveller; and, in short, were more successful in proving him capable of such crimes, than guilty of this; for it appears that Gentile's complaint (whatever may have been the cause of it) was a dysentery of some weeks' standing, and that there were no marks of poison to be discovered on the body. Their conviction, however, that such had been his fate, was very strong, and, as it appeared to us, principally founded on extremely slight, though very singular, grounds. During the last hours of the sick man's life, Demetrio was observed to be particularly pressing to obtain from him his pardon: pardon for what? Now, I know not whether it be one of the tenets of the Greek Church, but I have been often assured that it is a general belief among that worthy people, that the pardon of the dying victim ensures the mercy of God to the murderer, who thus whitewashed, without fear, and therefore without remorse,

* This person is a native of Boston.

buries the corpse, and goes off with a light heart, to the repetition, perhaps, of so simple an act. Demetrio did ultimately obtain this pardon, and was observed to be in peculiarly high spirits ever after. Be the fact of the murder as it may, their object was to secure the payment of the eight thousand piastres to the widow, our own countrywoman, and this the British Consul was to effect (as they hoped) by our information. Unwilling to trust our memory on the details of a matter of so much importance, we begged them to make a written statement of the whole affair, which we promised to deliver to the Consul. Rossignoli spoke the most, and with the most warmth; though the others were not without anxiety about an act of humanity, in the performance of which they had no visible interest whatever.

Our visitors had walked three hours to find our boat, and, no doubt, expected to be regaled with a hearty English breakfast. Now we had long lived, from day to day, on what fortune brought us, even the Commodore's rice having been some time finished; and it happened that morning, that two small bits of bread formed the whole stock of provision, one of which they had devoured at the moment of entering the boat. Two of our servants were out foraging. We fairly confessed our situation to them; and after staying about two hours, they took their leave. Presently the foragers returned unsuccessful, and the remaining

morsel of bread furnished us with our temperate repast. This is mentioned only because we heard, afterwards, that Mahommed Effendi had complained severely of our reception of him. Now it is difficult to say what reception a renegade has a right to expect from those whose religion he has deserted. We offered him neither insult nor reproach: did he expect cordiality and friendship? or was it in the presence of the corpses left to rot on the face of the earth by those whose faith he had from conviction embraced, that he thought us likely to respect him and his faith?

We were, it is true, alike natives of a distant land, we spoke the same language, and were in the country of a common enemy; but the nature of crimes is not changed by the sun that burns, or the deserts that surround you; nor can any circumstances of hardship, difficulty, or danger, alter the feeling with which you approach an apostate. And yet it must be confessed, that, to the disgrace of the Christians resident in the East, renegades are, in general, much less despised by them than by the Turks themselves."

Reading such accounts can we wonder that the Turks look at Franks and Christians with contempt? The Physician's villany is perhaps the most atrocious; but the everlasting dissensions among almost all the European visitors of these countries, are enough to give very bad impressions of our characters.

THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE. BY THE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

(Literary Gazette.)

When we commenced the publication of these papers, (*The Renegade*) their end was beyond our sight, as we had not received from England the whole of the *Gazettes* from which they are selected. We hope now to finish the story in this and the next *Athenium*. Although it be scattered through many numbers, we think a re-perusal of the whole would be found entertaining and well repay the reader. The Romance in the original has exacted great attention in France, equal to that given in England and our own country to the *Waverley* novels, and probably it well deserves it. *Ed. Ath.*

CHARLES MARTEL now takes the command of the French army, inspirited by the success of Ezilda at Segorum. He orders Leodat and the heroine's force to join him. Leodat refuses, and aware of the treacherous character of Charles, earnestly advises

the princess to consult her safety by retiring to the peaceful mountains of Cevennes, if she will not marry and give him a right to be her protector. Ezilda, the betrothed of Clodomir, declares she will never wed any but the son of Thierri. She also rejects a demand

from Charles to deliver up her prisoners to him ; and in opposition to that demand releases Alaor, to whom she says :—

“ An important plan on the success of which depend my fate and that of Agobar, at present occupies my mind. You may assist me in the accomplishment of this design. May I rely on you ? ”—“ Command, dispose of me ! ” replied the friend of Agobar. On the shore of the Mediterranean, continued the princess, near the plain of Augustura, rises the pyramid of Fabius.* There I wish to have an interview with Agobar. Alaor, tell your chief that in three days hence Ezilda will meet him at the pyramid of Fabius. Depart, you are free.—To-morrow I shall quit Segorum and visit the royal camp. I wish to converse with the Duke of France ; and after my interview with Charles Martel, that which I may have with Agobar will decide the fate of Gaul. Adieu ! ” and without affording the young Mussulman time to reply or to express his gratitude, she immediately withdrew. Alaor quitted Segorum, and at the close of the following day he rejoined his chief.

The Prince of Avernoes was apprised of Ezilda's sudden determination to visit the royal camp. Alarmed for her safety, and unable to guess her design, he employed all the power of eloquence to oppose her departure ; but nothing could shake the resolution of the princess. Mounted on an Andalusian courser, Ezilda quitted Segorum, accompanied only by the Prophet of the Black Mountain and three faithful squires. Goudair was well acquainted with the road, and the princess arrived without difficulty at the vast plains of Umbrani. She was introduced to the tent of the proud conqueror. Charles immediately dismissed his warriors, and Ezilda spoke as follows :—“ Duke of France ! When rousing the people of Cevennes from their shameful servitude, I ventured to appeal to my countrymen, it was not the desire of glory and renown that determined my resolution.

* The Consul Fabius Maximus having conquered Gallia Narbonensis, and placed it under the dominion of the Romans, pyramids and monuments were erected to him in those places in which he gained his most brilliant victories.

To repel the standard of the false prophet, and to defend the temples of the true God, were the only objects I had in view. Heaven seconded my efforts. The enthusiasm of some of the provinces of Gaul seems to promise the deliverance of Europe. Illustrious conqueror of the North, finish the work that is begun, and be the saviour of the South.” “ Princess, (replied Charles Martel,) you have ensured to yourself the gratitude of the Christians. The taking of Segorum is one of those bold exploits which history will commemorate—You have done much for France, but you might have done more,—for a moment the fate of Europe was in your hands—Agobar, the odious chief of the Saracens, was your captive ; what strange motive could have caused you to liberate him ? ”—“ The prisoners of Segorum were at my disposal, (replied Ezilda) and if, for reasons which I cannot now explain, I broke the chains of the Saracen hero, I violated neither the laws of Heaven nor of France.—But this is not the subject of which I came to treat ; Charles Martel has too long drunk of the poisoned cup of flattery ; the Princess of Cevennes now ventures to tell him the truth. The cause of the usurper is desperate. The chiefs of the kingdom would rather be conquered by Agobar than governed by Charles. What is a sceptre to a hero !—After the marvellous exploits which have crowned your life, the title of monarch must appear to you merely a vain sound. From the height to which glory has raised you, descend not to a throne ! Remain in the temple of heroes, and leave the palace of kings ! ”—Her last words made a powerful impression on Charles.—“ But, (said the conqueror,) the race of the Merovingians is extinct, Thierry has left no successor.”—“ Clodomir (said Ezilda) is not yet buried in the tomb. The heir of Clovis still lives.”—“ What do I hear ? ” exclaimed Charles.—“ I have seen Clodomir, (replied the princess,) he has produced undeniable proofs of his identity ; and his bride has acknowledged him ! ”—“ Can it be possible ? (resumed the ambitious Maire du Palais ;) and under what obscure name does Clodomir conceal himself ;—Explain this mystery.”

"Far from concealing himself, (replied the princess,) he bears a name which is, alas! but too celebrated.—Clodomir, whom you persecuted, when, under the name of Astolphe, he appealed for his lawful rights—whom you vanquished when he took up arms against you—Clodomir, rejected by his country, is Agobar.—"Agobar! (repeated Charles, with horror,) and can you have conceived the wild idea of placing the crown of France on the head of a renegade!"—"On the head of the son of Thierry! (exclaimed Ezilda,) whatever title he may have borne, to whatever country he may have wandered, he is still the son of Thierry." She then briefly related to the Maire du Palais the history of Agobar.—"But (exclaimed Charles,) Clodomir the renegade having borne arms against his country, cannot now inspire respect and confidence!—No, (he continued) I can never consent to such a proposition; it would be dishonouring the French crown to place it on the head of a Saracen! it would be dishonouring myself to crown a renegade, Clodomir is unworthy to wield a sceptre." "I understand you, said Ezilda, rising with dignity; neither the safety of France, nor the happiness of mankind occupy your thoughts. The eyes of Charles are open only to ambition. Duke of France, pursue if you will your perilous career! ascend the throne! But recollect the tragical fate of the ambitious Maires who have preceded you. To morrow I shall see Agobar: I will endeavour to restore him to his duty and his God, and should heaven second my efforts the bride of Clodomir will proclaim the King of France. It will then be seen under whose banner the sons of Gaul will enroll themselves!—At this unexpected menace Charles trembled. He felt that in existing circumstances the Princess of Cevennes might annihilate his power. Recovering from his surprise, "Princess (said he,) Heaven doubtless inspires you, and I submit. Inform Agobar that the Maire du Palais offers him the crown: let him return to the religion of his fathers, let him abjure the Mussulman faith, and France is his own!"—The daughter

of Theobert plainly perceived that fear and necessity had alone determined the despot, but it was enough that she had attained her object.

[The Princess next journeys to her interview with Agobar, during which, one of her squires arrives and thus accosts her.] "The perfidious Charles has issued a Proclamation, stating that you are now holding correspondence with the chief of the infidels, whose life you have saved, and that you are plotting the ruin of France. Orders have been given to arrest you wherever you may be found, and the Maire du Palais has dispatched a party of troops to cut off all communications between you and the legions of Segorum." What an unexpected stroke for Ezilda!—But she was less alarmed at the unwelcome news which she had just heard, than she was apprehensive for the fatal effect it might produce on Agobar.—After a short pause, she turned to the Saracen chief. Alas! all her fears were confirmed. "Christian! (said Agobar with savage irony,) this is the loyalty of your prince, the gratitude of your people, and the justice of your God!"—These (replied the heroine) are the trials of Providence! the flames in which virtue is purified! the steps which lead to heaven!"—Agobar seized an ivory horn which he wore suspended from his girdle. He blew it three times, and at the hero's summons, the hills were in a few minutes covered with Mussulman troops, at whose head was Alaor. "Speak (said the son of Thierry, addressing himself to the princess;) What are your wishes? Behold this army! it is yours; these shores they are yours! If you wish to be revenged on Charles, he shall be brought to you in chains. Here Agobar reigns, and Ezilda may command an asylum, a palace, or a kingdom."—Grant me (said the princess) an escort as far as Segorum! the protection of your troops is necessary to enable me to rejoin my mountaineers."—"Alaor, (exclaimed the hero) with your battalion follow the Princess of Luteve! and obey her as you would obey me!"

[Ezilda finds her progress impeded by a line of French troops, in the

very direction in which she was advancing, and therefore determines to take refuge with Goudair in the temple of Calmor; and from the summit of the monument, which was surrounded and defended by the troops of Alar, view the combat. Agobar defeats the French, and the princess is about to proceed once more for Segorum, when looking towards the sea, she observed several vessels bearing the Mahometan flag advancing at full sail, in the direction of the coast.]—"Alar (said she) those vessels are doubtless sent with reinforcements from the powerful caliph Aberdam." The young Saracen turned pale "That is the flag of Athim (he exclaimed.) Some perfidious project must bring the mortal enemy of Agobar to these shores." [Ezilda yields the command of her troops to Theodat, and, to avoid lighting the flames of civil war, resolves to bury herself in solitude.] She explained to Goudair her reason for quitting the fortress of Segorum. "In you I now place all my hopes, (said she.) You, Goudair, who have ascended inaccessible mountains, and penetrated the most secluded retreats, conduct me to some remote asylum, where I may live unknown to the world. Lead me to some hidden solitude that may afford me an asylum.—"Princess (said Goudair, after a few moments reflection,) you shall be obeyed. To morrow I will conduct you to an abode of peace; to a valley unknown to France and Europe.—On the east of Segorum arises the burning peak of Fontanias, famed in this part of Gaul. Burning vapours rising from the summit of the volcano, render all approach to it impossible. For ages past no stranger has ventured to ascend the mountain, behind which is a delicious valley, inhabited by a few patriarchs and their families. A triple line of volcanic rocks form a bulwark round this unknown Eden. There are only two ways by which the retreat can be reached. One runs between the craters of Fontanias, and cannot be passed without extreme danger. The other is by a torrent which runs thro' the interior of the mountain, and the waters of which, after pursuing a long and gloomy course, run into the

happy valley."—"Is the torrent navigable?" (enquired Ezilda)—"Yes, (replied Goudair) I have frequently followed this subterranean course in a little boat which I have constructed for that purpose. When curiosity led me to discover an unknown country beyond the burning rocks of Fontanias, I thanked heaven for having conducted me to the land of felicity. I remained there for several weeks, and soon the tenderest friendship united me to the patriarchs of the valley. Some of these men, who are revered like the oracles of ancient times, know that there are other countries besides that which they inhabit; but having brought up their children in the belief that the outlets of the valley are the gates of hell, they have succeeded in separating them from the world."—"The night is dark, (said Ezilda) every thing favors our departure. Where is your boat?"—"At the foot of the rock of Fontanias, in one of the grottos that border the torrent."—"Let us instantly depart, Goudair," said the princess, and covering her head with a thick veil, she swiftly descended the staircase of the tower, and, followed by the Prophet of the Mountain, secretly left the citadel. Having proceeded for some distance among the precipices, "We are now near the grotto, (said Goudair) the boat is at hand . . . But hark! I hear the sound of the trumpet, (continued he) the Saracen posts have advanced as far as yonder hill." At this moment the princess uttered an exclamation of horror. She thought she heard a plaintive moan, like the last sigh of death, issue from the thickets of the neighbouring wood. Her fancy recognized the voice of Clodomir himself, and she hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded.

Athim, the mortal enemy of Agobar, had circulated at the Court of the Caliph the blackest calumnies against his fortunate rival. It was reported in Spain that the Saracen conqueror, who had been long endeavouring to shake off the yoke of his prince, was on the point of being crowned King of France. Aberdam believed he had acquired positive proofs of the treason of the Renegade; and while on the field of Angustura the

son of Thierry fancied he had attained the pinnacle of glory and power, his sentence of death, pronounced by the caliph, was rapidly crossing the seas, borne by Athim himself.

Athim landed in Gaul, and having pitched his tent on the coast, he summoned Agobar and his principal warriors to appear before him. The Renegade, far from suspecting treachery, visited the tent of the Mussulman envoy, attended only by a few of his most distinguished chiefs. The emissary of Abderam, surrounded by royal pomp, held in his hand the fatal decree, which he was about to read to his enemy. The hero advanced: "Agobar! (exclaimed the vile African,) sooner or later Heaven never fails to visit the traitor with punishment. Your plots are discovered. Allah condemns, and Abderam strikes." Then having read the sentence of death, "Guards, (said he,) let the orders of the Caliph be instantly executed!" At this moment Alaor rushed into the tent with his janissaries. "Soldiers, (he exclaimed,) save the hero of Europe! save the immortal Agobar!" The young Saracen foreseeing the perfidy of Athim, had kept a watchful eye on his benefactor, and had followed his footsteps in defiance of every obstacle. A dreadful conflict ensues. With his invincible cimeter Agobar cut his way through the warlike multitude. Followed by Alaor and the soldiers of his guard, he escaped from the dreadful scene of carnage, and directed his impetuous course towards the rocks which bordered the sea, unobserved by Athim and his troops.

The night was gloomy. Agobar and his faithful companion fled from cavern to cavern. After wandering for several hours, they stopped. They were entirely alone. The rest of the prince's defenders had either perished or lost their way, and they no longer heard the cry of the Mussulmans, who had pursued them to a considerable distance. The fugitives are refreshed at a hut. Leaving behind them their armour and turbans, they wrapt themselves in fishermen's cloaks, and armed only with their swords, they left the hospitable roof.

They determined to direct their

course to the plain of Angustura, where Agobar was persuaded he might reassemble his legions and recover his power. Descending a steep pass among the rocks, they met a traveller, who informs them that the reported death of Agobar at first spread grief and consternation among his troops; but the general sorrow was but of short duration. Messengers from Athim, preceded by trumpets, traversed the camp, reading aloud a detail of the crimes and treasons of Agobar. Even the partisans of the Renegade thought his punishment just, and not a voice was raised to defend his memory. Sums of money were distributed to the soldiery in celebration of the happy event; and the infidels rejoiced at the execution, as the period of their deliverance!

All the hopes of the Prince were now blighted. His army had forsaken him. He was rejected by the whole world. The Renegade turned to Alaor, and the ferocious expression of his countenance alarmed the young Saracen. It was not the calmness of insensibility; it was the frenzy of rage that was now depicted in his features. He tore off the bandages that covered his numerous wounds; and the blood which boiled in his veins flowed copiously;—his limbs tottered beneath him, his eyes closed, and he fell at the feet of his friend. In course of a few hours he recovered his senses. He looked around him, and what was his surprise to find that he was transported to the hut of a woodcutter: he uttered an exclamation of joy. Alaor was watching beside his wretched couch. Alaor saw but one mode of restoring the tranquillity of his friend, and thereby saving his life. He determined to proceed alone to the plain of Angustura, to ascertain the spirit of the army, and to raise against Athim the devoted legions of Agobar.

As soon as the shades of evening overspread the heavens, the young Mussulman hastened to the plain of Angustura. Stretched on his wretched couch, Agobar had fallen into a slumber; but the most dreadful visions presented themselves to his disordered fancy: he was released from real tortures only to contend with imaginary

troubles—when a sudden noise awoke him! Two Mussulman soldiers had entered the hut, and the trembling woodcutter was serving them with food. They were ferocious banditti of the infidel army, who had secretly escaped from the corps to which they belonged, for the purpose of pillaging the surrounding hamlets; and they now discover the Renegade, on whose head a price of ten thousand sequins has been set. The cowards rushed on their prey, and in spite of the convulsive efforts of Agobar, they succeeded in binding his hands and feet with cords which they found in the hut.

Without reflecting on the distance which separated them from Angustura, they hastily prepared a litter, on which they placed their victim. Leaving the hut, they with difficulty descended the mountain, and, overcome with fatigue,

they stopped at the brink of the torrent of Fontanias. Unable to proceed further, they renounced their impracticable design of conveying the Renegade to the plain of Angustura.—“Remain here, (said one of the Saracens to his companion;) keep watch over the Renegade, while I go forward to procure assistance.—The soldier who was left in charge of the Prince seated himself on the brink of the torrent. Fatigue soon overpowered him, and he sunk into a profound sleep. Meanwhile the fresh breeze of the evening had in some degree revived the wasted strength of Agobar. His fever had considerably abated. He gradually recovered his senses, and reflecting on his horrible situation, he uttered a deep groan. . . . Ezilda was not deceived. Her heart had indeed recognized the voice of Agobar.

(To be concluded in next No.)

NEW VOLUME OF KIRKE WHITE'S REMAINS.†

(English Magazines, &c. for July.)

THOUGH something in the way of More last Words of Richard Baxter, we doubt not but this small volume will partake of the popularity of its precursors, and be widely read by the evangelical classes, to whose appetite it is addressed. Nor has the sympathy which hung like a dim halo round the dying head of this amiable youth, yet lost so much of its interest as to admit of aught of his being issued from the press without exciting a feeling more general in its behalf. The well written preface to the present publication will augment that feeling, and help these relics forward in the public estimation. In our own opinion the contents are hardly of sufficient weight for a separate volume; but we willingly in such a case surrender our critical judgment to the tastes of a multitude of readers with whom the productions of Kirke White are held in reverence, not merely as effusions of genius, but as emanations of an apostolic spirit, sublimed from earth to Heaven with a

martyr's glory. The first third of the volume before us consists of letters, which display the writer in the light of a very virtuous young man; but they are too immature to require comment as literary performances. The next division is of early poems, and in some of these the amatory and warm occupy the places afterwards held by the religious and enthusiastic. We cite two as examples:

SONGS.

Sweet Jessy! I would fain caress
That lovely cheek divine;
Sweet Jessy, I'd give worlds to press
That rising breast to mine.

Sweet Jessy, I with passion burn
Thy soft blue eyes to see;
Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn
Those melting eyes on me!

Yet Jessy, lovely as * * *
Thy form and face appear,
I'd perish ere I would consent
To buy them with a tear.

† The Remains of Henry Kirke White, with an Account of his Life. By Robert Southey. Vol. 3.

Oh, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses
My Arabella's breast that heaves on high ;
Pleas'd should I be to taste the transient
 blisses,
And on the melting throne to faint and die.

Oh, that I were the robe that loosely covers
Hertaper limbs, and Grecian form divine ;
Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,
That clasp her waist in many an aery
 twine.

Oh, that my soul might take its lasting
 station
In her waved hair, her perfumed breath
 to sip ;
Or catch, by chance, her blue eyes fascination !
Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermilion lip.

But chain'd to this dull being, I must ever
Lament the doom by which I'm hither
 placed ;
Must pant for moments I must meet with
 never,
And dream of beauties I must never taste.

The poems of a later date, which fill the next class, are curiously contrasted with these in matter ; though it would not perhaps be difficult to trace a very intimate relationship between the glow of earthly loves and the fervour of divine hymns, which may be but different modifications of the same spirit. Be this as it may, we shall enable our readers, by a quotation or two, to compare or contrast them for themselves :

In every clime, from Lapland to Japan,
This truth's confest,—That man's worst
 foe is man.
The rav'ning tribes, that crowd the sultry
 zone,
Prey on all kinds and colours, but their own.
Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,
Instinct's first law, their covenant and guard.
But man alone, the lord of ev'ry clime,
Whose post is godlike, and whose pow'rs
 sublime,
Man, at whose birth the Almighty hand
 stood still,
Pleas'd with the last great effort of his will ;

Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,
Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's
 blood ;
His fellow leads, where hidden pit-falls lie,
And drinks with ecstasy his dying sigh.

SONNETS.

Poor little one! most bitterly did pain,
And life's worst ills, assail thine early age ;
And, quickly tir'd with this rough pilgrimage,
Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.
Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life
Thou laidst thine aching head, and thou
 didst sigh
A little while, ere to its kindred
Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife !
Thy lot was happy, little sojourner !
Thou had'st no mother to direct thy ways ;
And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy
 days,
Short as they were. Now, far from the low
 stir
Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,
And look'st, and smil'st on this world's
 transient woes.

TO DECEMBER.

Dark visaged visitor, who comes here
Clad in thy mournful tunic to repeat
 (While glooms, and chilling rains enwrap
 thy feet)
The solemn requiem of the dying year.
Not undelightful to my listening ear
 Sound thy dull show'rs, as, o'er my wood-
 land seat,
Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they
 beat :
Not undelightful, in their wild career,
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,
Sweeping the grove's long aisle, while
 sullen Time
Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,
And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant
 sublime,
Joins the full-pealing dirge, and Winter
 weaves
Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

We have few comments to add : the admirers of Kirke White have seen higher efforts of his genius than this volume contains ; but they will find in it much to confirm their admiration of that estimable Being, and augment the sorrow with which his premature fate has been so generally regretted.

TENDRILS. BY REUBEN.

“ALL poets are not lights to all men and all ages, but many are soft stars above our heads, and blossoms shedding perfume beneath our feet.”

And there is so much wild-flower sweetness, tender and genuine feeling, about this young poet, that we readily admit his plea of inexperience in ex-

cuse for ioccasionally careless diction, trifling, and a degree of affectation. Never do we feel more inclined to unbend from our critical severity than in pronouncing judgment upon a first effort. When totally unpromising, we would willingly pass it over in silence, without wounding that ambition we

cannot in justice encourage ; but when taste, talent, or feeling are evinced, it is our pride and pleasure to pour the sunlight of fame over the youthful laurel. Our first selection is from a fanciful little poem, founded on the old tradition of a mortal who has entered a fairy ring by night ; the spirits of air become visible till the morning light breaks on the beautiful vision. The third Spirit sings—

Hast thou a sorrow ?—come tell it to me ;
Have I a comfort ?—thine it shall be.—
I seek where the tears of the mourner are flowing,
And breathe on his brow till its throbbing is calm ;
I steal where the heart of the chastened is glowing,
And as rain to the flower, my smile is his balm :
Where the exile is wandering, my pinions are nigh,
Where the pilgrim is weary, to sooth him, am I ;
I whisper them tales of the home of their youth,
Of the hearts that are fond, and the prayers that are truth !
I fly where the sailor-boy watches aloft,
And though storms gather round him, his slumbers are soft ;
Then I bear his young spirit away on my wings,
Where the thrush that he loved in his childhood still sings,
Where the woodbine is 'twining its wreathes on the wall,
And dear ones again on their wanderer call ;—
There is one bending o'er him whose lip cannot speak,
And the tear of affection falls warm on his cheek ;
There is one standing near him with words in her eye,
And he seeks the embrace which she may not deny :
But the sea-bird sails past—and shrill is her scream,
And in tears he awakens, but blesses his dream.
The sigh of the lonely—the tear-drop of pain,
Where hope is wasted, and prayers are vain,—

The lips that are pale, the cheeks that are wan,
Where joy is bitter—and comfort is gone,
The flowers that fade where the spring-blight is flying,
The leaves that are falling, the birds that are dying,
The blasted sappling, the withering tree,
Are sacred to Pity, and cherish'd by me.
Peace to thee, peace !

Our second is from "Home."

'Tis worth an age of wandering, to return
To souls that still can feel, and hearts that burn ;
We have not bent the chasten'd brow in vain,
To hear the whisper, "Thou art mine again !" ¹
To see in eyes we love the tear-drop swell,
With more of feeling than the lip could tell.
The weary pilgrim's wish,—the exile's prayer,
Breathe of their home—that they may wander there,
And like the sun when summer days are past,
Sink into rest, their calmest hour their last,
Heave the death-sigh where those around will weep,
And sleep forever where their fathers sleep.

We shall close our remarks with a pretty sonnet on leaving Home :

God bless thee ! was the last endearing word
The lip could utter, or the heart could feel !
Many did pray for the young exile's weal,
But there was one from whom was only heard,
God bless thee !—and it was affection's knell
For many a lonely day—

The very phrase
Was oft repeated by the parting voice
Of youthful friendship ; and the last farewell
Of some who lov'd me in my boyish days,
Was warm and tearful—

Yet there was but one,
Whose heart beat quicker than her eyes ran o'er,
Whose trembling lid refused to whisper more,
Than that warm prayer.

It was a hallow'd tone !

Stephensiana, No. VXX.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, &c.

(Monthly Magazine, July.)

CHARLES CALLIS WESTERN.

THIS gentleman is descended from a family of Massachusetts governors, and the following anecdote is recorded of his infancy. His father and mother were taking a journey in a phaeton, himself, an infant, being in his mother's lap they stopped to bait the horses at the door of an inn, when the hostler imprudently took off the bridles, and the horses, feeling their heads at liberty, set off at full gallop. The danger to all was imminent ; but Mrs. W. with a happy presence of mind, threw the child into a thick hedge which they passed close, by which he

escaped injury ; but the phaeton was broken to pieces, the father mortally wounded, and the mother much injured. Mr. W. has since become an ornament of the House of Commons, and has proved himself an able economist and public writer.

DANCING SNAKES OF INDIA.

In every country there exists a class of men who found their means of existence upon the credulity and curiosity of others, but in no part of the world is this class so numerous as in India. Scarcely has a stranger disembarked on that shore, when a crowd of jugglers, dancers, leapers, and others,

surround him, and solicit the honour of contributing to his amusement, for the trifling remuneration of a fanon, or about six-pence.

Amongst this crowd of people, who live by their wits, those who astonish, and at the same time terrify, the European the most, are the men who make the snakes dance; and this astonishment and terror is more increased, upon learning that the snake which serves for this spectacle is the second on the list of those which are the most venomous: the bite of it is followed by certain death, after an interval of generally not more than fifteen or seventeen minutes. On the Coromandel coast this sort of snake is very abundant, and there, as well as throughout India, is called a *cobra capello*, or hooded snake: its ordinary length is from three to four feet, and the prevailing colour of these reptiles is yellow, spotted with black; its form resembles that of other oriental snakes, with the exception of a pouch, which runs from the back of the head two or three inches down the back. This pocket is but little visible when the reptile creeps, or is in a state of tranquillity, but as soon as it is moved by anger or by pleasure, this becomes inflated, and stretches on each side the head of the animal: it then presents a flat surface, on which a pair of black spectacles are stretched upon a dirty yellow ground. The head of the creature appears to issue horizontally from the upper part of this pouch. The quality which distinguishes this snake from all the other species, is its excessive fondness for music; and this passion, if such a term may be used, is stronger in it than even in the white snake; this is so incontestable, that when the place of his retreat is known, he is invariably caught by these means. The Indians who gain a livelihood by exhibiting, are also those who take them; and, as the method which they employ for doing it is not generally known, the following scene, which took place at the house of the governor of Pondicherry, may be considered as interesting. During dinner a servant came to inform the family, that a large cobra capello had been seen entering the cel-

lar: orders were given that a snake-catcher should be sent for, and every one repaired to the cellar when he arrived. After having examined the place, to be certain where the reptile was concealed, the Malabar squatted down upon his heels, and began to play upon an instrument, which in shape resembled a flageolet, but had something of the sharp sound of a bagpipe. Scarcely had a minute elapsed when a cobra capello, about three feet in length crept from under a mat, and placed himself at a short distance from the man, raising and giving a sort of vibratory motion to the upper part of his body, and extending his pouch,—an evident sign of the pleasure which the animal felt.

When all present had sufficiently witnessed this proceeding, a sign was made to the Malabar, who, seizing the animal by the end of the tail, took him up with rapidity, and placed him in an empty basket. Before admitting him into the troop of dancers,—for one of them, he, as well as most of the cobra capellos that are taken, was destined to become,—it was necessary to deprive him of the means of being mischievous. To do this, he was placed at liberty upon the ground, he was then provoked by being struck with a piece of red cloth, fastened at the end of a stick, until at last he sprang furiously upon the cloth, which was then shaken with so much violence that his teeth were at length pulled out. He was then taken again by the tail, and placed in the basket.

The baskets in which the snakes are kept, and of which the Indians generally carry six, are flat and round; and fastened like scales at each end of a piece of bamboo, which rests upon the shoulders of the bearer. When the person who keeps the reptiles exhibits them in public, he commences by ranging the baskets before him in a semicircle, and makes the snakes come out in succession. At the sound of the instrument the animal becomes erect, resting with about one third of his body upon the ground; his pouch is extended, and he keeps up a balancing motion, the original impulse to which was given by the knee of the person

who plays the instrument. Before concluding the exhibition, it is customary to make the snake caress this instrument, which is done by keeping up the sound, and advancing the pipe towards the animal, who on his side rests his head upon a calabash, through which this pipe is passed. After this ceremony, the snakes are put into their baskets and carried away. A hard-boiled egg is the nourishment which they daily receive.

LATIN AND GREEK.

These languages are now become obsolete, and perhaps useless; yet, while they constitute part of the education of gentlemen, it is infamous not to know them. At the same time, by a whimsical feeling of mankind, it is thought pedantic and ungentlemanly to use them in any well-bred society. Seven or eight years are therefore employed in the education of our youth to save appearances. Time will correct this error.

SHERIDAN.

This was at once the most eloquent, the most ingenious, and most idle man of his time. I employed him to present the petition of the Grand Jury against Aris, and could not get him out of bed till half past four on the afternoon when it stood for discussion, and he then sat for half an hour with wet towels tied round his head, to relieve himself from a head-ache, occasioned by the previous night's debauch.

EMPLOYMENT.

The employment of the lower classes is to satisfy their hunger, and of the upper classes to discover medicines and consult doctors for the purpose of creating hunger. Many a rich man would give half his estate to feel as voraciously hungry as some of his meanest labourers.

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

The longest personal favourite whom the new King has ever kept is Du PACQUET, his dresser and chief valet. He is a Frenchman of the old school, and enjoys the unbounded confidence of his royal master. He is his caterer of small news, and of the chit-chat out of doors, and within the purlieus of the palace. At the same time it is just to add, that he has never been

charged with abusing a station, which in courts has often been the means of promoting dangerous intrigues.

The next domestic favourite is Wilmet, the chief cook, also a Frenchman, but familiarly called *Jack Hammond* (why, I know not;) but, in a luxurious court, a chief cook is a man who must be as often consulted as a minister of state.

Another royal favourite, and perhaps more harmless, is Nap the poodle dog, who was taken with Napoleon's carriage and was for many years the intelligent travelling companion of that great man. Nap now travels with his old master's more fortunate rival, to whom he is not less faithful, and whom he amuses by his numerous tricks and uncommon sagacity. It might have been hoped that the liberal treatment of the dog would have been extended to his illustrious master, who, by well authenticated accounts, is not only chained to a rock, but like Prometheus, is constantly tortured by a vulture.

THE WEST-INDIA ISLANDS.

These islands are ceasing to be desirable British colonies, except for purposes of ministerial patronage. Canada may supply them with lumber, but it cannot consume an equal amount of their produce. This, too, will in time be superseded by East-India produce under an open trade; for if we send our manufactures, and destroy the Hindoo manufactures, we must take their sugars and other East-India produce. The West-India islands seem likely, therefore, either to become independent, or to be incorporated with some of the continental American states which can barter with them.

THE BOURBONS.

When I was at Paris, I went with Mr Serjeant B. (now a judge) to see the Bourbon family return from chapel, and he was the only person who cheered them. We were walking away, and I was rallying the worthy Serjeant at the circumstance, when a couple of Frenchmen passed us quickly, and loaded us and our nation with the foulest epithets.

FRENCH MANNERS.

The French are an elegant people, but are guilty of little indelicacies: they pick their teeth with a fork.—No fruit shops in Paris, but fruit cellars—

Pine apples far inferior to ours ; even the grapes of Fontainebleau are inferior to those of our hot houses ! Grange's and Owen's in Piccadilly and Bond Street, have a finer display than any I have met with at Paris.—At breakfast they affect this hobby-horse :—It is common to have a cup of coffee, without either milk or sugar, before they get up. Coffee always after dinner.—Religion almost confined to the *ancienne noblesse*.—Every woman of rank or fashion in France has her right to receive company. The party naturally divides into two : the old ones play cards ; the young ones dance and romp under the inspection of each married woman.

BELLS.

The Venetians pretend that they introduced bells at Constantinople, in the ninth century ; but the oldest mention we can find in the Byzantine writers, is of the year 1040.

DUELLING.

There is scarcely any subject on which more discordant opinions are entertained than on that of duelling ; and, whilst one party condemn it as a flagrant violation of all the laws both of God and man, others are contented to represent it as a necessary evil. Without, however, discussing at present the expediency of the practice, it appears that if an appeal must, in any case, be made to arms, the great object should be to place the champions on an equal footing, and prevent, as far as possible, the better cause from yielding to the more skilful combatant. In one single solitary instance has this been attained. On the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique, or private quarrel of a single individual, might occasion the massacre of a family or village, the desolation of a province, and perhaps even the more extended horrors of a national war, whensoever any serious dispute arises between two subjects of the different empires, recourse is had to terminate it, to what is called "the custom of the frontier." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not re-

stricted in the choice or number of their arms, or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatsoever he conceives is most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to ensure his own safety, and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontiers was resorted to, the circumstances were sufficiently curious, and the recital of them may serve to illustrate what is mentioned above.

The phlegmatic German, armed with the most desperate weapon in the world—a rifled pistol mounted on a carbine stock, placed himself in the middle of the field ; and, conscious that he would infallibly destroy his enemy, if he could once get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, and two more in his holsters, and two more in his breast, and a carbine at his back, and a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and, galloping round his adversary, kept incessantly firing at him. The German conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk at length perceiving a sort of little explosion, as if his antagonist's pistol had missed fire, advanced like lightning to cut him down, and almost immediately was shot dead. The wily German had put some gunpowder into his pipe, the light of which his enemy mistook, as the other had foreseen would be the case, for a flash in the pan ; and no longer fearing the superior skill and superior arms of his adversary, he fell a victim to them both when seconded by artifice.

THE AMAZONS.

The attention of the learned has been for a long time fixed upon the existence of the Amazons ; and the following result, deduced from the profound researches and extended investigations to which the subject has given rise, appears interesting and probable, and accords with the general tenor of history. An army of Sauromates having traversed Caucasus and Colchis,

penetrated into the lesser Asia, and established themselves on the banks of the river Thermodon; content with finding a plain which recalled to their minds the recollection of their country, and feeling, as the Greeks under Xenophon subsequently felt, apprehensive of not being able to pass the large rivers, such as the Halys, the Parthenius, and the Sangarius, these Nomades lived in the plain of Themiscyra, upon the produce of their flocks, and the booty which they acquired by pillaging their neighbours. In Scythia the women accompanied their husbands to war and to the chase, and were skilful in horsemanship and the use of the bow; here they guarded the shore. Some Greek sailors having met, fought with, and been conquered by them, reported these coasts to be entirely inhabited by women, who put every man who came amongst them to death; and hence arose the fables so prevalent in Greece. But that these pretended heroines at

first took arms to avenge the death of their husbands, then to defend themselves, and at last to subjugate their neighbours; that they had attempted an expedition against Athens; and that their queen Thalestris had gone herself, or sent ambassadors, to the camp of Alexander,—is what, in defiance of the authority of many poets, philosophers, and historians of antiquity, we are no longer permitted to believe. We may remember the expression of Lysimachus, when Onerycritus read to him the history of Thalestris, with which he had embellished his work upon the exploits of Alexander—“Oh! where was I at that time?” said Lysimachus to him, smiling.

It is worthy of remark, that the names of Menalippa, Hyppolita, &c. given to these Sauromatides, these Amazons, are all Greek names; although it is manifest that these women must have borne barbarian names and derived from the language which they spoke.

New Works.

A member of the indefatigable *Taylor Family*, of Ongar, has produced a volume, called *the Elements of Thought*. It compresses, in good modern language, and in an inviting form, the theoretical and practical doctrines contained in Watts's “Improvement of the Mind,” and in the same author's work on Logic; and, as Watts in substance will live for ever, so Mr. Taylor, in giving us his substance in a neat volume, has rendered an useful service to all studious and inquisitive persons.

An Analytical Investigation of the Scriptural Claims of the Devil, and a similar enquiry into the meaning of the terms Sheol, Hades, and Gehenna, as used by the Scripture writers, by the Rev. RUSSELL SCOTT, of Portsmouth, which have been unavoidably delayed in passing through the press, will be published in the course of the present month.

A History of a severe Case of Neuralgia, commonly called Tic Douloureux, will speedily be published, occupying the nerves of the Right Thigh, Leg, and Foot, successfully treated; with some observations on that complaint, and on its causes, as they vary in different individuals; by G. D. YEATS, M. D. F. R. S.

We seldom interfere with theological works of a controversial nature, but we gladly make an exception in favour of *Letters addressed to the Calvinistic Christians of Warwick*, by an UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN, written, as appears from its advertisements,

by the Rev. WM. FIELD. This treatise has certainly fulfilled its professed object of answering a few calumnious pages of some ignorant person of that place; but it is not to its local topics that we wish to call the attention of our readers. The author has taken the present occasion to give an outline of the history of his sect, and has supported all their distinguishing doctrines with much ability. In the list of Unitarians which he gives, containing many great names, we were at first surprised to see some included who are not generally supposed to have entertained those views, though the author seems to adduce sufficient authority for inserting them. Amongst the most eminent, we observe Whiston, Newton, Locke, Dr. Watts, Wm. Penn, and Bishop Law. The Unitarian sect is, we believe, at present increasing with great rapidity. In the author of the work in question it certainly possesses a very spirited and efficient advocate; and, if we find any thing in his pages to alloy the pleasure of perusing them, it is, perhaps, that sometimes the author is in danger of falling into that error which he blames so much in his opponents—uncharitable feeling.

The Rev. WM. JAY has in the press, a new edition of his *Short Discourses for Families*.

A colossal statue of BURNS, the modern Scottish bard, is about to be erected in Edinburgh by Mr. Flaxman. We hope to be enabled to give a sketch of it.

Original Poetry.

LINES.

I sat in my bower alone, at night
While o'er it the moonbeams sweetly
shone ;
I look'd on the sky, with their glory bright,
And worshipp'd the God of that starry
throne.

I gazed on earth : that pure light blending
With night's deep shade, so mellow'd the
scene,
That I felt its beauty to sadness tending,
And pondered o'er the errors and woes
which had been.

Oh ! bitter was then the thought that sprung,
Of my youth's bright promise by passion
blighted ;
And keenly the arrows of conscience stung
For deeds of folly, and duties slighted.

I wept, too, o'er moments of joy and glad-
ness,
That, scorching like solar heat, had flown ;
And I sigh'd, that my life, all rapture or
sadness,
So little the moonlight of pleasure had
known.

I started—for music of tenderest strain
Broke on the gloom of that pensive dream,
Which thrill'd my heart with softer pain,
And sooth'd it, though not with Hope's
bright gleam.

I gazed once more on the vault of Heaven,
; Shining with stars, and from dark clouds
free ;
And I pray'd that, my sins and faults for-
given,
One star of mercy might rise for me.

OLD NICK'S PROMENADE.

[The late celebrated but unfortunate Pro-
fessor Porson being once solicited in
company to give some jocular proof of
his abilities, complied by producing the
following lines.]

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A-waking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.
And over the hill and over the dale
He walked, and over the plain ;
And backwards and forwards he switch'd
his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

And pray how was the devil drest,
Oh ! he was in his Sunday best.
His coat was red and his breeches were
blue,
With a hole behind where his tail came
through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dunghill beside his own stable,
And the devil smil'd, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.
An apothecary, on a white horse,
Rode by on his avocations :
" Oh ! (says the devil,) there is my old
friend,

Death in the Revelations."
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility !
And the Devil was pleased, for his darling
vice

Is the pride that apes humility.
He stepp'd into a rich bookseller's shop,
Says he, " We are both of one college,
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once,
Hard by on the tree of knowledge."
As he pass'd thro' Coldbath-fields he saw
A solitary cell !
And the Devil was charm'd, for it gave him
a hint

For improving the prisons of hell.
He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade ;
" Ah ! nimble (quoth he,) do the fingers
move

Whenever they are us'd to their trade."
He saw the same turnkey unfetter the same,
But with little expedition,
And the Devil thought of the long debates
On the slave-trade abolition.
Down the river did glide, with wind and
with tide,

A pig with vast celerity !
And the Devil grinn'd, for he saw all the
while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought,
with a smile,

Of England's commercial prosperity.
He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind,)
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind ;
The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How " Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the ark."
General Gascoigne's burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did take ;
For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
'Twas the general conflagration.

On the Duke of York's horse Moses winning
at Ascot Heath Races.

At Ascot, when swift Moses won
(A thing not done by slow fits !)
What thought his royal owner on ?
He thought, the joke I tell to you,
His Highness is a Bishop too,
On Moses and the Profits.

* This gentleman had been very face-
tious whilst soliciting some proof of the
Professor's poetical talents.